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## Miscellaneous.

# THE MOONSTONE

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "ARMADALE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ANTONINA," "QUEEN OF HEARTS," ETC.


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### CHAPTER IX.

June twenty-first, the day of the birthday, was cloudy and unsettled at sunrise, but toward noon it cleared up bravely.

We, in the servant's hall, began this happy anniversary, as usual, by offering our little presents to Miss Rachel, with the regular speech delivered annually by me as the chief. I follow the plan adopted by the Queen in opening Parliament—namely, the plan of saying much the same thing regularly every year. Before it is delivered, my speech (like the Queen's) is looked for as if nothing of the kind had ever been heard before. When it is delivered, and turns out not to be the novelty anticipated, though they grumble a little, they look forward hopefully to something newer next year. An easy people to govern, in the Parliament and in the Kitchen—that's the moral of it

After breakfast, Mr. Franklin and I had a private conference on the subject of the Moonstone—the time having now come for removing it from the bank at Frizinghall, and placing it in Miss Rachel's own hands.

Whether he had been trying to make love to his cousin again, and had got a rebuff—or whether his broken rest, night after night, was aggravating the queer contradictions and uncertainties in his character—I don't know. But certain it is, that Mr. Franklin failed to show himself at his best on the morning of the birthday. He was in twenty different minds about the Diamond in as many minutes. For my part I stuck fast by the plain facts as we knew them. Nothing had happened to justify us in alarming my lady on the subject of the jewel; and nothing could alter the legal obligation that now lay on Mr. Franklin to put it in his cousin's possession. That was my view of the matter; and twist and turn it as he might, he was forced in the end to make it his view too. We arranged that he was to ride over, after lunch, to Frizinghall, and bring the Diamond back, with Mr. Godfrey and the two young ladies, in all probability, to keep him company on the way home again.

This settled our young gentleman went back to Miss Rachel.

They consumed the whole morning, and part of the afternoon, in the everlasting business of decorating the door, Penelope standing by to mix the colors, as directed; and my lady, as luncheon-time drew near, going in and out of the room, with her handkerchief to her nose (for they used a deal of Mr. Franklin's vehicle that day), and trying vainly to get the two artists away from their work. It was three o'clock before they took off their aprons, and released Penelope (much the worse for the vehicle), and cleaned themselves of their mess. But they had done what they wanted—they had finished the door on the birthday, and proud enough they were of it. The griffins, cupids, and so on, were, I must own, most beautiful to behold; though so many in number, so entangled in flowers and devices, and so topsy-turvy in their actions and attitudes, that you felt them unpleasantly in your head for hours after you had done with the pleasure of looking at them. If I add that Penelope ended her part of the morning's work by being sick in the back kitchen, it is in no unfriendly spirit toward the vehicle. No! no! It left off stinking when it dried; and if Art requires the sort of sacrifices—though the girl is my own daughter—I say, let Art have them!

Mr. Franklin snatched a morsel from the luncheon-table, and rode off to Frizinghall—to escort his cousins, as he told my lady. To fetch the Moonstone, as was privately known to himself and to me.

This being one of the high festivals on which I took my place at the side-board, in command of the attendance at table I had plenty to occupy my mind while Mr. Franklin was away. Having seen to the wine, and reviewed my men and women who were to wait at dinner, I retired to collect myself before the company came. A whiff of—you know what, and a turn at a certain book which I have had occasion to mention in these pages, composed me, body and mind. I was aroused from what I am inclined to think must have been, not a nap, but a reverie, by the clatter of horses' hoofs outside; and, going to the door, received a cavalcade comprising Mr. Franklin and his three cousins, escorted by one of old Mr. Ablewhite's grooms.

Mr. Godfrey struck me strangely enough, as being like Mr. Franklin in this respect—that he did not seem to be in his customary spirits. He kindly shook hands with me as usual, and was most politely glad to see his old friend Betteredge wearing so well. But there was a sort of cloud over him, which I couldn't at all account for; and when I asked how he had found his father in health, he answered rather shortly, "Much as usual." However, the two Miss Ablewhites were cheerful enough for twenty, which more than restored the balance. They were nearly as big as their brother; spanking, yellow-haired, rosy lasses, overflowing with superabundant flesh and blood; bursting from head to foot with health and spirits. The legs of the poor horses trembled with carrying them; and when they jumped from their saddles (without waiting to be helped), I declare they bounced on the ground as though they were made of India rubber. Every thing the Miss Ablewhites said began with a large O; every thing they did was done with a bang; and they giggled and screamed, in season and out of season, on the smallest provocation. Bouncers—that's what I call them.

Under cover of the noise made by the young ladies, I had an opportunity of saying a private word to Mr. Franklin in the hall.

"Have you got the Diamond safe, Sir?"

He nodded, and tapped the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Have you seen any thing of the Indians?"

"Not a glimpse." With that answer, he asked for my lady, and, hearing she was in the small drawing-room, went there straight. The bell rang, before he had been a minute in the room, and Penelope was sent to tell Miss Rachel that Mr. Franklin Blake wanted to speak to her.

Crossing the hall about half an hour afterward I was brought to a sudden stand-still by an outbreak of screams from the small drawing-room. I can't say I was at all alarmed; for I recognised in the screams the favorite large O of the Miss Ablewhites. However I went in (on pretense of asking for instructions about dinner) to discover whether any thing serious had really happened.

There stood Miss Rachel at a table, like a person fascinated, with the Colonel's unlucky Diamond in her hand. There on either side of her, knelt the two Bouncers, devouring the jewel with their eyes, and screaming with ecstasy every time it flashed on them in a new light. There, at the opposite side of the table, stood Mr. Godfrey, clapping his hands like a large child, and singing out softly, "Exquisite! exquisite!" There sat Mr. Franklin, in a chair by the book-case, tugging at his beard, and looking anxiously toward the window. And there, at the window, stood the object he was contemplating—my lady, having the extract from the Colonel's Will in her hand, and keeping her back turned on the whole of the company.

She faced me when I asked for my instructions, and I saw the family frown gathering over her eyes, and the family temper twitching at the corners of her mouth.

"Come to my room in half an hour," she answered. "I shall have something to say to you then."

With those words she went out. It was plain enough that she was posed by the same difficulty which had posed Mr. Franklin and me in our conference at the Shivering Sand. Was the legacy of the Moonstone a proof that she had treated her brother with cruel injustice? or was it a proof that he was worse than the worst she had ever thought of him? Serious questions those for my lady to determine; while her daughter, innocent of all knowledge of the Colonel's character, stood there with the Colonel's birthday gift in her hand.

Before I could leave the room, in my turn, Miss Rachel, always considerate to the servant who had been in the house when she was born, stopped me. "Look, Gabriel!" she said, and flashed the jewel before my eyes in a ray of sunlight that poured through the window.

Lord bless us! it was a Diamond! As large, or nearly, as a plover's egg! The light that streamed from it was like the light of the harvest-moon. When you looked down into the stone, you looked into a yellow deep that drew your eyes into it so that they saw nothing else. It seemed unfathomable; this jewel, that you could hold between your thumb and finger, seemed unfathomable as the heavens themselves. We set it in the sun, and then shut the light out of the room and it shone awfully out of its own brightness, with a moony gleam, in the dark. No wonder Miss Rachel was fascinated; no wonder her cousins screamed. The Diamond laid such a hold on me that I burst out with as "O!" as the Bouncers themselves. The only one of us who kept his senses was Mr. Godfrey. He put an arm round each of his sisters' waists, and, looking compassionately backward and forward between the Diamond and me, said, "Carbon, Betteredge! mere carbon, my good friend, after all!"

His object, I suppose, was to instruct me. All he did, however, was to remind me of the dinner. I hobbled off to my army of waiters down stairs. As I went out Mr Godfrey said, "Dear old Betteredge, I have the truest regard for him!" He was embracing his sisters and ogling Miss Rachel while he honored me with that testimony of affection. Something like a stock of love to draw on *there!* Mr. Franklin was a perfect savage by comparison with him.

At the end of half an hour I presented myself, as directed, in my lady's room.

What passed between my mistress and me on this occasion was, in the main, a repitition of what had passed between Mr. Franklin and me at the Shivering Sand—with this difference, that I took care to keep my own counsel about the jugglers, seeing that nothing had happened to justify me in alarming my lady on this head. When I received my dismissal I could see that she took the blackest view possible of the Colonel's motives, and that she was bent on getting the Moonstone out of her daughter's possession at the first opportunity.

On my way back to my own part of the house I was encountered by Mr. Franklin. He wanted to know if I had seen any thing of his cousin Rachel. I had seen nothing of her. Could I tell him where his cousin Godfrey was? I didn't know, but I began to suspect that cousin Godfrey might not be far away from Cousin Rachel, Mr. Franklin's suspicions apparently took the same turn. He tugged hard at his beard, and went and shut himself up in the library with a bang of the door that had a world of meaning in it.

I was interrupted no more in the business of preparing for the birthday dinner till it was time for me to smarten myself up for receiving the company. Just as I had got my white waistcoat on, Penelope presented herself at my toilet, on pretence of brushing what little hair I have got left, and improving the tie of my white cravat. My girl was in high spirits, and I saw she had something to say to me. She gave me a kiss on the top of my bald head, and whispered, "News for you, father! Miss Rachel has refused him."

"Who's *him?*" I asked.

"The ladies' committee-man father," says Penelope. "A nasty, sly fellow. I hate him for trying to supplant Mr. Franklin!"

If I had had breath enough I should certainly have protested against this indecent way of speaking of an eminent philanthropic character. But my daughter happened to be improving the tie of my cravat at that moment, and the whole strength of her feelings found its way into her fingers. I never was more nearly strangled in my life.

"I saw him take her away alone into the rose-garden," says Penelope. "And I waited behind the holly to see how they came back. They had gone out arm in arm, both laughing. They came back, walking seperate, as grave as grave could be, and looking straight away from each other in a manner which there was no mistaking. I never was more delighted, father, in my life! There's one woman in the world who can resist Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, at any rate; and, if I was a lady, I should be another!"

Here I should have protested again. But my daughter had got the hair-brush by this time, and the whole strength of her feelings had passed into *that*. If you are bald, you will understand how she scarified me. If you are not, skip this bit, and thank God you have got something in the way of a defense between your hair-brush and your head.

"Just on the other side of the holly," Penelope went on, "Mr. Godfrey came to a stand-still. 'You prefer,' says he, 'that I should stop here as if nothing had happened?' Miss Rachel turned on him like lightning. 'You have accepted my mother's invitation,' she said; 'and you are here to meet her guests. Unless you wish to make a scandal in the house, you will remain, of course!' She went on a few steps, and then seemed to relent a little. 'Let us forget what has passed, Godfrey,' she said, 'and let us remain cousins still.' She gave him her hand. He kissed it, which *I* should have considered taking a liberty, and then she left him. He waited a little by himself, with his head down, and his heel grinding a hole slowly in the gravel-walk; you never saw a man look more put out in your life. 'Awkward!' he said between his teeth, when he looked up, and went on to the house—'very awkward!' If that was his opinion of himself, he was quite right. Awkward enough, I'm sure. And the end of it is, father, what I told you all along," cries Penelope finishing me off with a last scarification, the hottest of all. "Mr. Franklin's the man!"

I got possession of the hair-brush, and opened my lips to administer the reproof which, you will own, my daughter's language and conduct really deserved.

Before I could say a word the crash of carriage-wheels outside struck in, and stopped me. The first of the dinner-company had come. Penelope instantly ran off. I put on my coat, and looked in the glass. My head was as red as a lobster; but, in other respects, I was as nicely dressed for the ceremonies of the evening as a man need be. I got into the hall just in time to announce the two first guests. You needn't feel particularly interested about them. Only the philanthropist's father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. Ablewhite.

### CHAPTER X.

One on the top of the other, the rest of the company followed the Ablewhites, till we had the whole tale of them complete. Including the family, they were twenty-four in all. It was a noble sight to see, when they were settled in their places around the dinner-table, and the Rector of Erizinghall (with beautiful elocution) rose and said grace.

There is no need to worry you with a list of the guests. You will meet none of them a second time—in my part of the story at any rate—with the exception of two.

These two sat on either side of Miss Rachel, who, as queen of the day, was naturally the great attraction of the party. On this occasion she was more particularly the centre-point toward which every body's eyes were directed; for (to my lady's secret annoyance) she wore her wonderful birthday present which eclipsed all the rest—the Moonstone. It was without any setting when it had been placed in her hands; but that universal genius, Mr. Franklin, had contrived, with the help of his neat fingers and a little bit of silver wire, to fix it as a brooch in the bosom of her white dress. Every body wondered at the prodigious size and beauty of the Diamond, as a matter of course. But the only two of the company who said any thing out of the common way about it were those two guests I have mentioned, who sat by Miss Rachel on her right hand and her left.

The guest on her left was Mr. Canby, our doctor at Frizinghall.

This was a pleasant, companionable little man, with the drawback, however, I must own, of being too fond, in season and out of season, of his joke, and of plunging in rather a headlong manner into talk with strangers, without waiting to feel his way first. In society he was constantly making mistakes, and setting people unintentionally by the ears together. In his medical practice he was a more prudent man; picking up his discretion (as his enemies said) by a kind of instinct, and proving to be generally right where more carefully conducted doctors turned out to be wrong. What he said about the Diamond to Miss Rachel was said, as usual, by way of a mystification or joke. He gravely entreated her (in the interests of science) to let him take it home and burn it. "We will first heat it, Miss Rachel," says the doctor, "to such and such a degree: then we will expose it to a current of air; and, little by little—puff!—we evaporate the Diamond, and spare you a world of anxiety about the safe-keeping of a valuable precious stone!" My lady, listening with rather a careworn expression on her face, seemed to wish that the doctor had been in earnest, and that he could have found Miss Rachel zealous enough in the cause of science to sacrifice her birthday gift.

The other guest who sat on my young lady's right hand was an eminent public character—being no other than the celebrated Indian traveler, Mr. Murthwaite, who at the risk of his life had penetrated in disguise where no European had set foot before.

This was a long, lean, wiry, brown, silent man. He had a weary look, and a very steady attentive eye. It was rumored that he was tired of the humdrum life among the people in our parts, and longing to go back and wander off on the tramp again in the wild places of the East. Except what he said to Miss Rachel about her jewel, I doubt if he spoke six words, or drank so much as a single glass of wine, all through the dinner. The Moonstone was the object that interested him in the smallest degree. The fame of it seemed to have reached him, in some of those perilous Indian places where his wanderings had lain. After looking at it silently for so long a time that Miss Rachel began to get confused, he said to her in his cool immovable way, "If you ever go to India, Miss Verinder, don't take your uncle's birthday gift with you.

A Hindoo diamond is sometimes a part of a Hindoo religion. I know a certain city, and a certain temple in that city, where, dressed as you are now, your life would not be worth five minutes' purchase." Miss Rachel, safe in England, was quite delighted to hear of her danger in India. The Bouncers were more delighted still; they dropped their knives and forks with a crash, and burst out together vehemently, "Oh! how interesting!" My lady fidgeted in her chair and changed the subject.

As the dinner went on, I became aware, little by little, that this festival was not prospering as other like festivals had prospered before it.

Looking back at the birthday, now, by the light of what happened afterward, I am half inclined to think that the cursed Diamond must have cast a blight on the whole company. I plied them well with wine; and, being a privileged character, followed the unpopular dishes round the table, and whispered to the company, confidentially, "Please to change your mind, and try it; for I know it will do you good." Nine times out of ten they changed their minds—out of regard for their old original Betteredge, they were pleased to say—but all to no purpose. There were gaps of silence in the talk, as the dinner got on, that made me feel personally uncomfortable. When they did use their tongues again, they used them innocently, in the most unfortunate manner and to the worst possible purpose. Mr. Candy, the doctor for instance said more unlucky things than I ever knew him to say before. Take one sample of the way in which he went on, and you will understand what I had to put up with at the side-board, officiating as I was in the character of a man who had the prosperity of the festival at heart.

One of our ladies present at dinner was worthy Mrs. Threadgall, widow of the late Professor of that name. Talking of her deceased husband perpetually, this good lady never mentioned to strangers that he *was* deceased. She thought, I suppose, that every able-bodied adult in England ought to know as much as that. In one of the gaps of silence somebody mentioned the dry and rather nasty subject of human anatomy; whereupon good Mrs. Threadgall straightway brought in her late husband as usual, without mentioning that he was dead. Anatomy she described as the Professor's favorite recreation in his leisure hours. As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Candy, sitting opposite (who knew nothing of the deceased gentleman), heard her. Being the most polite of men he seized the opportunity of assisting the Professor's anatomical amusements on the spot.

"They have got some remarkably fine skeletons lately at the College of Surgeons," says Mr. Candy, across the table, in a loud, cheerful voice. "I strongly recommend the Professor, ma'am when he next has an hour to spare, to pay them a visit."

You might have heard a pin fall. The company (out of respect to the Professor's memory) all sat speechless. I was behind Mrs. Threadgall at the time, plying her confidentially with a glass of hock. She dropped her head, and said, in a very low voice, "My beloved husband is no more."

Unlucky Mr. Candy, hearing nothing, and miles away from suspecting the truth, went on across the table louder and politer than ever.

"The Professor may not be aware," says he, "that the card of a member of the College will admit him, on any day but Sunday, between the hours of ten and four."

Mrs. Threadgall dropped her head right into her tucker, and, in a lower voice still, repeated the solemn words, "My beloved husband is no more."

I winked hard at Mr. Candy across the table. Miss Rachel touched his arm. My lady looked unutterable things at him. Quite useless. On he went, with a cordiality that there was no stopping anyhow. "I shall be delighted," says he, "to send the Professor my card, if you will oblige me by mentioning his present address?"

"His present address, Sir, is *the grave*," says Mrs. Threadgall, suddenly losing her temper, and speaking with an emphasis and fury that made the glasses ring again. "The Professor has been dead these ten years!"

"Oh, good Heavens!" says Mr. Candy. Excepting the Bouncers, who burst out laughing, such a blank now fell on the company that they might all have been going the way of the Professor, and hailing as he did from the direction of the grave.

So much for Mr. Canby. The rest of them were nearly as provoking in their different ways as the doctor himself. When they ought to have spoken, they didn't speak; or when they did speak, they were perpetually at cross-purposes.

Mr. Franklin again—surely, you will say, Mr. Franklin stirred the company up into making a pleasant evening of it?

Nothing of the sort! He had quite recovered himself, and he was in wonderful force and spirits, Penelope having informed him, I suspect, of Mr. Godfrey's reception in the rose-garden. But, talk as he might, nine times out of ten he pitched on the wrong subject, or he addressed himself to the wrong person; the end of it being that he offended some, and puzzled all of them. That foreign training of his—those French and German and Italian sides of him, to which I have alluded, came out, at my lady's hospitable board, in a most bewildering manner.

The dispute between Mr. Candy and Mr. Franklin began in Mr. Franklin being led—I forget how—to acknowledge that *he had latterly slept very badly at night. Mr. Candy thereupon told him that his nerves were all out of order, and that he ought to go through a course of medicine immediately.* Mr. Franklin replied that a course of medicine, and a course of groping in the dark, meant, in his estimation, one and the same thing. Mr. Candy, hitting back smartly, said that Mr. Franklin himself was, constitutionally speaking, groping in the dark after sleep, and that nothing but medicine could help him to find it. Mr. Franklin, keeping the ball up on his side, said he had often heard of the blind leading the blind, and now, for the first time, he knew what it meant. In this way they kept it going briskly, cut and thrust, till they both of them got hot—Mr. Candy, in particular, so completely losing his self-control, in defense of his profession, that my lady was obliged to interfere, and forbid the dispute to go on. This necessary act of authority put the last extinguisher on the spirits of the company. The talk spurted up again here and there, for a minute or two at a time; but there was a miserable lack of life and sparkle in it. The Devil (or the Diamond) possessed that dinner party; and it was a relief to every body, when my mistress rose, and gave the ladies the signal to leave the gentlemen over their wine.

I had just ranged the decanters in a row before old Mr. Ablewhite (who represented the master of the house), when there came a sound from the terrace which startled me out of my company manners on the instant. Mr. Franklin and I looked at each other; it was the sound of the Indian drum. As I live by bread, here were the jugglers returning to us with the return of the Moonstone to the house!

As they rounded the corner of the terrace, and came in sight, I hobbled out to warn them off. But, as ill-luck would have it, the two Bouncers were beforehand with me. They whizzed out on the terrace like a couple of sky-rockets, wild to see the Indians exhibit their tricks. The other ladies followed; the gentlemen came out on their side. Before you could say, "Lord bless us!" the rogues were making their salams; and the Bouncers were kissing the pretty little boy.

Mr. Franklin got on one side of Miss Rachel, and I put myself behind her. If our suspicions were right, there she stood, innocent of all knowledge of the truth, showing the Indians the Diamond in the bosom of her dress.

I can't tell you what tricks they performed, or how they did it. What with the vexation about the dinner, and what with the provocation of the rogues coming back just in the nick of time to see the jewel with their own eyes, I own I lost my head. The first thing that I remember noticing was the sudden appearance on the scene of the Indian traveler, Mr. Murthwaite. Skirting the half-circle in which the gentlefolks stood or sat, he came quietly behind the jugglers, and spoke to them on a sudden in the language of their own country.

If he had pricked them with a bayonet, I doubt if the Indians could have started and turned on him with more tigerish quickness than they did on hearing the first words that passed his lips. The next moment they were bowing and salaming to him in their most polite and snaky way. After a few words in the unknown tongue had passed on either side, Mr. Murthwaite withdrew as quietly as he had approached. The chief Indian, who acted as an interpreter, thereupon wheeled about again toward the gentlefolks. I noticed that the fellow's coffee-colored face had turned gray since Mr. Murthwaite had spoken to him. He bowed to my lady, and informed her that the exhibition was over. The Bouncers, indescribably disappointed, burst out with a loud "O!" directed against Mr. Murthwaite for stopping the performance. The chief Indian laid his hand humbly on his breast, and said the second time that the juggling was over. The little boy went round with the hat. The ladies withdrew to the drawing-room; and the gentlemen (excepting Mr. Franklin and Mr. Murthwaite) returned to their wine. I and the footman followed the Indians, and saw them safe off the premises.

Going back by way of the shrubbery I smelled tobacco, and found Mr. Franklin and Mr. Murthwaite (the latter smoking a cheroot) walking slowly up and down among the trees. Mr. Franklin beckoned to me to join them.

"This," says Mr. Franklin, presenting me to the great traveler, "is Gabriel Betteredge, the old servant and friend of our family of whom I spoke to you just now. Tell him, if you please, what you have just told me."

Mr. Murthwaite took his cheroot out of his mouth and leaned, in his weary way, against the trunk of a tree.

"Mr. Betteredge," he began, "those three Indians are no more jugglers than you and I are."

Here was a new surprise! I naturally asked the traveler if he had ever met with the Indians before.

"Never," says Mr. Murthwaite; "but I know what Indian juggling really is. All you have seen to-night is a very bad and clumsy imitation of it. Unless, after long experience, I am utterly mistaken, those men are high-caste Brahmins. I charged them with being disguised, and you saw how it told on them, clever as the Hindoo people are in concealing their feelings. There is a mystery about their conduct that I can't explain. They have doubly sacrificed their caste—first, in crossing the sea; secondly, in disguising themselves as jugglers. In the land they live in that is a tremendous sacrifice to make. There must be some very serious motive at the bottom of it, and some justification of no ordinary kind to plead for them, in recovery of their caste, when they return to their own country."

I was struck dumb. Mr. Murthwaite went on with his cheroot. Mr. Franklin, after what looked to me like a little private veering about between the different sides of his character, broke the silence as follows, speaking in his nice Italian manner, with his solid English foundation showing through:

"I feel some hesitation, Mr. Murthwaite, in troubling you with family matters, in which you can have no interest, and which I am not very willing to speak of out of our own circle. But, after what you have said, I feel bound, in the interests of Lady Verinder and her daughter, to tell you something which may possibly put the clew into your hands. I speak to you in confidence; you will oblige me, I am sure, by not forgetting that?"

With this preface he told the Indian traveler, (speaking now in his clear-headed French way) all that he had told me at the Shivering Sand. Even the immovable Mr. Murthwaite was so interested in what he heard that he let his cheroot go out.

"Now," says Mr. Franklin, when he had done, "what does your experience say?"

"My experience," answered the traveler, "says that you have had more narrow escapes of your life, Mr. Franklin Blake, than I have had of mine; and that is saying a great deal."

It was Mr. Franklin's turn to be astonished now.

"Is it really as serious as that?" he asked.

"In my opinion it is," answered Mr. Murthwaite. "I can't doubt, after what you have told me, that the restoration of the Moonstone to its place on the forehead of the Indian idol, is the motive and the justification of that sacrifice of caste which I alluded to just now. Those men will wait their opportunity with the patience of cats, and will use it with the ferocity of tigers. How you have escaped them I can't imagine," says the eminent traveler, lighting his cheroot again, and staring hard at Mr. Franklin. "You have been carrying the Diamond backward and forward, here and in London, and you are still a living man! Let us try and account for it. It was daylight, both times, I suppose, when you took the jewel out of the bank in London?"

"Broad daylight," says Mr. Franklin.

"And plenty of people in the streets?"

"Plenty."

"You settled, of course, to arrive at Lady Verinder's house at a certain time? It's a lonely country between this and the station. Did you keep your appointment?"

"No. I arrived four hours earlier than my appointment."

"I beg to congratulate you on that proceeding! When did you take the Diamond to the bank at the town here?"

"I took it an hour after I had brought it to this house—and three hours before anybody was prepared for seeing me in these parts."

"I beg to congratulate you again! Did you bring it back here alone?"

"No. I happened to ride back with my cousins and the groom."

"I beg to congratulate you for the third time! If you ever feel inclined to travel beyond the civilized limits, Mr. Blake, let me know, and I will go with you. You are a lucky man."

Here I struck in. This sort of thing didn't at all square with my English ideas.

"You don't really mean to say, Sir," I asked, "that they would have taken Mr. Franklin's life, to get their Diamond, if he had given them the chance?"

"Do you smoke, Mr. Betteredge?" says the traveler.

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you care much for the ashes left in your pipe when you empty it?"

"No, Sir."

"In the country those men came from they care just as much about killing a man as you care about emptying the ashes out of your pipe. If a thousand lives stood between them and the getting back of their Diamond—and if they thought they could destroy those lives without discovery—they would take them all. The sacrifice of caste is a serious thing in India, if you like. The sacrifice of life is nothing at all."

I expressed my opinion upon this that they were a set of murdering thieves. Mr. Murthwaite expressed *his* opinion that they were a wonderful people. Mr. Franklin, expressing no opinion at all, brought us back to the matter in hand.

"They have seen the Moonstone on Miss Verinder's dress," he said. "What is to be done?"

"What your uncle threatened to do," answered Mr. Murthwaite. "Colonel Herncastle understood the people he had to deal with. Send the Diamond to-morrow (under guard of more than one man) to be cut up at Amsterdam. Make half a dozen diamonds of it instead of one. There is an end of its sacred identity as The Moonstone—and there is an end of the conspiracy."

Mr. Franklin turned to me.

"There is no help for it," he said. "We must speak to Lady Verinder to-morrow."

"What about to-night, Sir?" I asked. "Suppose the Indians come back?"

Mr. Murthwaite answered me before Mr. Franklin could speak.

"The Indians won't risk coming back to-night," he said. "The direct way is hardly ever the way they take to any thing—let alone a matter like this, in which the slightest mistake might be fatal to their reaching their end."

"But suppose the rogues are bolder than you think, Sir?" I persisted.

"In that case," says Mr. Murthwaite, "let the dogs loose. Have you got any big dogs in the yard?"

"Two, Sir. A mastiff and a blood-hound."

"They will do. In the present emergency, Mr. Betteredge, the mastiff and the blood-hound have one great merit—they are not likely to be troubled with your scruples about the sanctity of human life."

The strumming of the piano reached us from the drawing-room as he fired that shot at me. He threw away his cheroot, and took Mr. Franklin's arm, to go back to the ladies. I noticed that the sky was clouding over fast as I followed them to the house. Mr. Murthwaite noticed it too. He looked round at me in his dry, drolling way, and said:

"The Indians will want their umbrellas, Mr. Betteredge, to-night!"

It was all very well for him to joke. But I was not an eminent traveler; and my way in this world had not led me among poisonous ducks and drakes with my own life among thieves and murderers in the outlandish places of the earth. I went into my own little room, and sat down in my chair in a perspiration, and wondered helplessly what was to be done next. In this anxious frame of mind other men might have ended by working themselves up into a fever; I ended in a different way. I lit my pipe, and took a turn at Robinson Crusoe.

Before I had been at it five minutes I came to this amazing bit—page one hundred and sixty-one—as follows:

"Fear of Danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than Danger itself, when apparent to the eyes; and we find the Burthen of Anxiety greater, by much, than the Evil which we are anxious about."

The man who doesn't believe in Robinson Crusoe after *that* is a man with a screw loose in his understanding, or a man lost in the mist of his own self-conceit! Argument is thrown away upon him; and pity is better reserved for some person with a livelier faith.

I was far on with my second pipe, and still lost in admiration of that wonderful book, when Penelope (who had been handing round the tea) came in with her report from the drawing-room. She had left the Bouncers singing a duet—words beginning with a large "O," and music to correspond. She had observed that my lady made mistakes in her game of whist for the first time in our experience of her. She had seen the great traveler asleep in a corner. She had overheard Mr. Franklin sharpening his wits on Mr. Godfrey, at the expense of Ladies' Charities in general; and she had noticed that Mr. Godfrey hit him back again rather more smartly than became a gentleman of his benevolent character. She had detected Miss Rachel, apparently engaged in appeasing Mrs. Threadgall by showing her some photographs, and really occupied in stealing looks at Mr. Franklin, which no intelligent lady's maid could misinterpret for a single instant. *Finally, she had missed Mr. Candy, the doctor, who had mysteriously disappeared from the drawing-room, and had then mysteriously returned*, and entered into conversation with Mr. Godfrey. Upon the whole, things were prospering better than the experience of the dinner gave us any right to expect. If we could only hold on for another hour, old Father Time would bring up their carriages, and relieve us of them altogether.

Everything wears off in this world; and even the comforting effect of Robinson Crusoe wore off after Penelope left me. I got fidgety again, and resolved on making a survey of the grounds before the rain came. Instead of taking the footman, whose nose was human, and therefore useless in any emergency, I took the blood-hound with me. *His* nose for a stranger was to be depended on. We went all round the premises, and out into the road—and returned as wise as we went, having discovered no such thing as a lurking human creature anywhere. I chained up the dog again for the present; and, returning once more by way of the shrubbery, met two of our gentlemen coming out toward me from the drawing-room. *The two were Mr. Candy and Mr. Godfrey, still* (as Penelope had reported them) *in conversation together, and laughing softly over some pleasant conceit of their own.* I thought it rather odd that those two should have run up a friendship together—but passed on, of course, without appearing to notice them.

The arrival of the carriages was the signal for the arrival of the rain. It poured as if it meant to pour all night. With the exception of the doctor, whose gig was waiting for him, the rest of the company went home snugly under cover in close carriages. I told Mr. Candy that I was afraid he would get wet through. He told me, in return, that he wondered I had arrived at my time of life without knowing that a doctor's skin was water-proof. So he drove away in the rain, laughing over his own little joke; and so we got rid of our dinner company.

The next thing to tell is the story of the night.

### CHAPTER XI.

When the last of the guests had driven away I went back into the inner hall, and found Samuel at the side-table, presiding over the brandy and soda-water. My lady and Miss Rachel came out of the drawing-room, followed by the two gentlemen. Mr. Godfrey had some brandy and soda water. Mr. Franklin took nothing. He sat down, looking dead tired; the talking on this birthday occasion had, I suppose, been too much for him.

My lady, turning round to wish them good-night, looked hard at the wicked Colonel's legacy shining in her daughter's dress.

"Rachel," she asked, "where are you going to put your Diamond to-night?"

Miss Rachel was in high good spirits, just in that humor for talking nonsense, and perversely presisting in it as if it was sense, which you may sometimes have observed in young girls when they are highly wrought up, at the end of an exciting day. First, she declared she didn't know where to put the Diamond. Then she said, "on her dressing-table, of course, along with her other things." Then she remembered that the Diamond might take to shining of itself with its awful moony light, in the dark, and that would terrify her in the dead of night. Then she bethought herself of an Indian cabinet which stood in her sitting-room, and instantly made up her mind to put the Indian Diamond in the Indian cabinet, for the purpose of permitting two beautiful native productions to admire each other. Having let her little flow of nonsense run on as far as that point, her mother interposed and stopped her.

"My dear! your Indian cabinet has no lock to it," says my lady.

"Good Heavens, mamma!" cries Miss Rachel, "is this an hotel? Are there thieves in the house?"

Without taking notice of this fantastic way of talking, my lady wished the gentlemen good-night. She next turned to Miss Rachel, and kissed her. "Why not let me keep the Diamond for you to-night?" she asked.

Miss Rachel received that proposal as she might, ten years since, have received a proposal to part her from a new doll. My lady saw there was no reasoning with her that night. "Come into my room, Rachel' the first thing to-morrow morning," she said. "I shall have something to say to you." With those last words she left us slowly; thinking her own thoughts, and, to all appearance, not best pleased with the way by which they were leading her.

Miss Rachel was the next to say good-night. She shook hands first with Mr. Godfrey, who was standing at the other end of the hall looking at a picture. Then she turned back to Mr. Franklin, still sitting weary and silent in a corner.

What words passed between them I can't say. But standing near the old oak frame which holds our large looking-glass, I saw her, reflected in it, slyly slipping the locket which Mr. Franklin, had given to her out of the bosom of her dress, and showing it to him for a moment, with a smile which certainly meant something out of the common, before she tripped off to bed. This incident staggered me a little in the reliance I had previously felt on my own judgment. I began to think that Penelope might be right about the state of her young lady's affections after all.

As soon as Miss Rachel left him eyes to see with, Mr. Franklin noticed me. His variable humor, shifting about every thing, had shifted about the Indians already.

"Betteredge," he said, "I'm half inclined to think I took Mr. Murthwait too seriously when we had that talk in the shrubbery. I wonder whether he has been trying any of his traveler's tales on us? Do you really mean to let the dogs loose?"

"I'll relieve them of their collars, Sir," I answered, "and leave them free to take a turn in the night, if they smell a reason for it."

"All right," says Mr. Franklin. "We'll see what is to be done to-morrow. I am not at all disposed to alarm my aunt, Betteredge without a very pressing reason for it. Good-night."

He looked so worn and pale as he nodded to me, and took his candle to go up stairs, that I ventured to advise his having a drop of brandy-and-water, by way of night-cap. Mr. Godfrey, walking toward us from the other end of the hall, backed me. He pressed Mr. Franklin, in the friendliest manner, to take something before he went to bed.

I only note these trifling circumstances, because, after all I had seen and heard that day, it pleased me to observe that our two gentlemen were on just as good terms as ever. Their warfare of words (heard by Penelope in the drawing-room), and their rivalry for the best place in Miss Rachel's good graces, seemed to have set no serious difference between them. But there! they were both good-tempered, and both men of the world. And there is certainly this merit in people of station, that they are not nearly so quarrelsome among each other as people of no station at all.

Mr. Franklin declined the brandy-and-water, and went up stairs with Mr. Godfrey, their rooms being next door to each other. On the landing, however, either his cousin persuaded him, or he veered about and changed his mind as usual. "Perhaps I may want it in the night," he called down to me. "Send up some brandy into my room."

I sent up Samuel with the brandy-and-water; and then went out and unbuckled the dogs' collars. They both lost their heads with astonishment on being set loose at that time of night, and jumped upon me like a couple of puppies! However, the rain soon cooled them down again: they lapped a drop of water each, and crept back into their kennels. As I went into the house I noticed signs in the sky which betokened a break in the weather for the better. For the present, it still poured heavily, and the ground was in a perfect sop.

Samuel and I went all over the house, and shut up as usual. I examined every thing myself, and trusted nothing to my deputy on this occasion. All was safe and fast when I rested my old bones in bed, between midnight and one in the morning.

The worries of the day had been a little too much for me I suppose. At any rate, I had a touch of Mr. Franklin's malady that night. It was sunrise before I fell off at last into a sleep. All the time I lay awake the house was as quiet as the grave. Not a sound stirred but the splash of the rain, and the sighing of the wind among the trees as a breeze sprang up with the morning.

About half past seven I woke, and opened my window on a fine sunshiny day. The clock had struck eight, and I was just going out to chain up the dogs again, when I heard a sudden waking of petticoats on the stairs behind me.

I turned about, and there was Penelope flying down after me like mad. "Frther!" she screamed, "come up stairs, for God's sake! *The Diamond is gone!*"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Specimens of Good Bulls.

The lady who remarked that "people who live next door always play the piano badly," did not make a real bull, nor did that other lady, who sought to express her sensation after an unpleasant dip in spring by saying that the "sea felt damp from not having been bathed in all the winter." A true bull was that of the Irish lad, who, being ordered to number a flock of sheep, returned, saying that "he had counted all but three, and those three jumped about so he couldn't count them." The Yankee who said that "a cargo of soap had washed all the persons wrecked in the vessel on shore," did not make a true bull, but only a sort of toy bull to play with.

The Scotch "softie," mentioned by Dean Ramsay, went nearer to it, but hardly hit the mark. A minister enraged at the somnolence of his congregation, called on them to reflect whether it was not a shame to sit sleeping, while the poor idiot sat wide awake staring over the gallery? "And if I wasn't an idiot," retorted the injured Jamie

# Union and Journal.

BIDDEFORD, ME., OCT. 15, 1869.

OFFICIAL PAPER IN BANKRUPTCY FOR YORK CO. AND ALSO OFFICIAL PAPER FOR THE UNITED STATES.

SUBSCRIBERS are requested to examine the date on the printed colored slip attached to their paper, as this indicates the time to which the subscription is paid. For instance, "1May69" means that the subscriber has paid to May 1st, 1869. When a new payment is made, THIS DATE will be IMMEDIATELY ALTERED, so that the LABEL is a constant RECEIPT IN FULL for the time for which the subscriber has paid. Subscribers in arrears are requested to forward the sums due immediately.


## Death of an Ex-President.

Franklin Pierce is dead. When great men die the nation instinctively feel the loss, and mourn the vacancy which it is so hard to fill. When Webster yielded up his life at Marshfield he left no enemies and none who did not mourn for a statesman gone who had left his impress for good upon the records of his country, and one who was always foremost in its defence. When Lincoln fell we were all children grieving for the great and good man, weeping like Rachel for her children and would not be comforted, sorrowing that we should see his face no more.

Human nature is never a traitor. It may be overborne by likes and dislikes, covered with false clothing and surrounded by mean jealousies; but its loyalty to the good and the great there is in a man, is never uprooted. Because of this it mourned when Lincoln's soul left its body awaiting burial, and sorrows still for Washington, for the services they rendered to their country.

But no one grieves thus for the death of the Ex-President. There are no deeds of public goodness associated with his name; the public call to mind no act of his which links his memory with the public happiness. Mr. Pierce in his early manhood was not distinguished for his private virtues. As a lawyer he was only of ordinary ability, but he was an agreeable companion and bore an irresistable charm in conversation which won for him the application of "a downright good fellow," and which in later years was a valuable auxillary in drawing around him warm friends for the geniality of his company. But this accomplishment was not all. He was a man weak rather than wicked, but of a friendly heart that could not let him, of itself, do injustice, and his friendships were life long, nor was his hate persistent.

Mr. Pierce was a great man in no sense in which the term is used; neither great in intellect, nor great in moral purpose. But he was quick witted, and possessed a ready power to adapt himself to circumstances, cunning to a great degree, and ready to serve others if such a course gave him position. To those of us then New Hampshire men who knew him, his selection as a candidate for the Presidency was like thunder from a clear sky. Of all the men whom one would guess as likely to be chosen Franklin Pierce was the last. In his own State he was never a very prominent man; at least there were a dozen men better and more widely known. But if his reputation was no thicker in one small State, how thin did it become when spread across the land!

He was "made" by circumstances. At no other time, and by no other party could he have been nominated for the Presidency than in 1852 by the Democratic party. A long series of successes had made the party reckless and devilish. It committed the mistake, which subsequently proved its ruin, of thinking that the king could do no wrong and would live forever. The vigor with which the slaveocracy pushed their oligarchical power gave signs in the North of a breeding discontent; and a man must be chosen from that section, whose character or past services would not fetter his course in the downward road to the contemplated evil. They must have a negative man, not a positive one, and so they chose Pierce. Thirty-four ballots were had before the successful man received a vote. Cass led, Buchanan next, for twenty-nine ballots, with Douglass next seven times, when Marcy sprung next to the lead. But it was a foregone conclusion that Cass could not be nominated. He had too much to lose, and so had Buchanan and Marcy, while Douglass was premature. But Pierce had nothing to lose and every thing to gain; he could do the bidding of southern bloodhounds with nothing of that troublesome thing called conscience, and he was nominated upon the forty-ninth ballot, having all but six votes.

How well he served the few who managed him, history has written with an iron pen in blood. Like those who entered Dante's portals of hell with hope abandoned, so Pierce abandoned all conscience, all character and all the inspirations of liberty which he ever drew from the freedom-loving hills of his grand old home. Weak, shiftless, and vacillating, he was only true to the cause of the southern task-masters, and so true, that to-day Jeff Davis mourns him for a great and good man gone to heaven, by all his country's wishes blest!

His Administration was a continued conspiracy, as the revelations of "the lost cause" confess and prove. Davis was Secretary of War and the power behind the throne. It outraged public justice and northern sentiment. It omitted no opportunity to crush with a high hand every inspiration of freedom. It prated of the Constitution and in its name tortured it into an enemy of national liberty, and sought by fire and sword with all its power to spread the institution of slavery over all the States, making it national and freedom sectional.

In 1856 he was again a candidate but failed of a nomination, not that he had not served the conspirators faithfully, but because there were other men to reward for their servitude. He then retired to private life, and but little was heard from him until his notorious letter to Jeff. Davis came to light, aiding and encouraging the traitor's rebellion, in which was the famous prediction in 1861 based upon his knowledge of the Democratic character, that, if the government dared call for troops from the loyal States to preserve itself, our streets should flow with blood before we would let them depart, thus stamping traitor upon his brow, albeit it might have been before only written upon his heart.

The death or reformation of such men is hardly a public calamity. In 1852 Mr. Pierce could have done the country no such good service as by leaving it; but in 1869 his power for evil was in ratio inversely to his desires. He was a demagogue by natural and acquired abilities, more than by desire, with no breadth of statesmanship to season his impulses.

## The October Elections.

The Republicans have carried Iowa by 25,000 to 30,000 majority. Pennsylvania by 5,000 to 10,000, and Ohio by from 4,000 to 8,000. In Iowa the republicans had everything their own way; in Pennsylvania the contest was closer, but for some reason or rather Gov. Geary runs behind the ticket, the republican candidate for Judge having about 20,000 majority. The battle in Ohio was closer than in either the other States, and the result is not positive at this time of writing, the returns and opinions of both parties indicate that Hayes is elected by about three thousand. The House is Democratic and the Senate Republican. The Democrats claim that the vote is so close that it will require the official count to determine who is elected Governor, says one dispatch; while a later one from R. D. Harrison, Chairman of the Ohio State Central Committee says: "Hayes is elected by from eight to ten thousand majority. The Legislature is close, but I think Republican."

No one who has been familar with the pleasant atmosphere of the old store with the round numbers, for so many years past, can doubt that Mr. Alexander Williams will carry with him into the "Old Corner," 135 Washington Street, Boston, the administrative ability and peculiar tact required to make a popular and successful Bookstore, and to fully sustain the reputation the place has gained in past days. Messrs. A. Williams & Co. will do at their new place a general Book business, leaving the periodicals behind at the old stand, and will also retain the agency for the publications of Harper & Brothers, and the important specialities of Agricultural and Mechanical books.

Our old and esteemed friends, as will be seen by the above, have removed to larger quarters. Among their specialities they pay particular attention to the sale of agricultural books, having the largest stock in New England. They therefore have unequalled facilities for supplying agricultural clubs, libraries &c., Mr. Williams having devoted fifteen years in this field. We are pleased to call attention to this fact on account of the high character of the firm and their early and continued labors to circulate agricultural literature.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Oct. 11, 1869.

EDITOR UNION AND JOURNAL:—Of course you have heard reports of the vast damage done in this part of the State by the recent storm, so it would be useless to recount them. Last night a very heavy rain storm commenced, and gave every promise of doing much damage, but about 8 A. M. it ceased. Quite a number of small boats lying in the river, were carried out to sea. I expect to hear to-day of much injury to property in this vicinity. The catalogue of the College is just issued, and we learn from it, that there are, 30 students in the Senior class; 23 in the Junior class; 32 in the Sophomore class; and 47 in the Freshman class. There are also nine in the Science class, making quite an increase from last year. Some additions to the Faculty have been made. A. B. Palmer, A. M., M. D., has been elected, lecturer on the Theory and Practice of Medicine; Alfred Mitchell, A. M., M. D., lecturer on Pathology; and Robt. L. Packard, A. B., tutor in Greek. Mr. D. A. Sargeant has also been elected, director of Gymnasium. During the past year, Hon. S. Tenney L. L. D.; Hon. Wm. P. Fessenden L. L. D. and Hon. Philip Eastman, of the Board of Trustees, have died, but as yet, [illegible] their place. [illegible] edge, no one has [illegible] annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, was held last Wednesday and Thursday, in connection with the Chapter at this College. This society is one of the oldest and largest of American college secret societies. It was established in 1848 at Yale, and now numbers 32 chapters, in as many different colleges, having a total membership of about 4000. Among its members are Bayard Taylor, Hon. Anson Burlingame, Gen. Banks, Gen. Burnside, and many distinguished Statesmen, and learned men. Delegates were present from nearly all the chapters. Thursday evening public exercises were held in the Methodist church as follows: Music.—Prayer.—Music.—Oration, Geo. Pratt, of Norwich, Conn.—Music.—Poem, Chas. C. Puffer, Avon, N. Y.—Music. The music was furnished by Germania Band. At 11 P. M., the Fraternity, to the number of about 200, partook of an exquisite supper, got up by the well-known Boston caterer, Mr. Dooling. The table was supplied with every delicacy, and the display of silver-ware, cut-glass, and the floral decorations were magnificent. Speeches were made by numerous delegates, and also, among others, one by Ex-Mayor Haines of Biddeford. The Bowdoin Regatta takes place on Thursday, the 14th. There will be three races as follows: 1st race—distance three miles, for six-oared boats. First prize,—colors and championship of Maine; second prize, an American ensign. Second race,—distance, two miles, for single scull wherries. First prize, silver goblet, and championship of Maine; second and third prizes, each silver goblet. Third race,—distance three miles, for double scull boats. First prize, two silver goblets, second prize the same. These races are open to all amateur oarsmen of Maine. In the six-oared race, the Unas of Portland, will be among the contestants. It is expected that the Dartmouth nine will play a game of base ball here, on Friday next, with the Bowdoin nine. The Sagadahoc County Fair and cattle show, commences the 12th, and continues the 13th and 14th. OCCASIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11, 1869.

EDITOR OF UNION AND JOURNAL:—We are enjoying at the present time the 'Indian Summer' and, as if to compensate in some degree for the recent severe and somewhat disastrous storms that have visited us, the weather for the past week has been as mild and genial as could be wished. I have read with sorrow the wide spread devastation incident to the last storm in your State and if the statements are true, certainly, it has no parallel, and from its severe effects it must take many years to fully recover. I hope that Maine has now received its full compliment of providential dispensations, as they may be termed, but, coming as these storms have, so immediately after the formation of a Hickhorn party, it may be, that they are but exhibitions of divine justice, and that this illegitimate temperance offspring may be the Jonah that brings down the wrath of Providence upon the people—I am glad, however, that in your last election, it was thrown overboard, and trust that the people will do works "meet for repentance."

This season of the year, in this section of the country, is truly delightful; the balmy air is refreshing after so many weeks of warm, if not hot weather. I do not think, however, the scenery of our wood and forests are so beautiful as that of New England. The rich varigated hues of the maple gives a charm to your woodland scenery and which the poet so beautifully describes, as

"The embattled forests erewhile armed with gold
Their banners bright with every hue."

The forest scenery of your State will bear off the palm; but for a salubrious climate, this part of the country is, by far superior to any of the eastern States; especially, it is well adapted to those troubled with bronchial affection, being so far from the ocean (some 150 miles) we have none of the irritating sea breezes, which are so prevalent in New England.

Some time since a city ordinance was passed, forbidding the proprietors of places of public amusement, making any distinction in regard to color and ordering that all parts of houses of amusement should be free to all. A few evenings, since, three colored men were at the theatre and occupied the dress circle, feeling very secure in their position, being backed up by the law, but were suddenly brought to grief by the appearance of one of the attaches of the establishment, who notified them that they could not be allowed to occupy seats in the dress circle. They were not disposed to leave their seats but an officer being called, altho' protesting against the proceedure and refusing to receive the admission fee, they retired. The result is, a suit against Spalding and Rapley, proprietors of the the theatre, and the case is now before the Court and will soon be tried. It attracts considerable attention among the colored people, as it will determine somewhat their status in this district. The question seems to be, are public places of amusement governed by the same rules that apply to hotels and common carriers; if so, the result is very evident, but if upon the other hand, amusements are considered as luxuries and not necessaries, the decision may be adverse to the interests of the colored race.

A package of money, some 1100 dollars received at the Treasury a few days since, has miraculously disappeared and up to the present time has not been heard from. Considering the large numbers of money packages received at the present time at the Treasury, daily, it is remarkable that instances like the above do not oftener occur, but, to the best of my knowledge there has not been a single loss for a year in the transmission of money, and when it is taken into consideration that a large portion of the packages go through the hands of messengers, it certainly speaks well for the honesty of the employees and the faithfulness with which this branch of the government is conducted.

A short time since a New York firm sent word to the department that an amount of money that was sent to them was $1000 short. Gen. Spinner, the United States Treasurer, telegraphed that he thought they must be mistaken, but if upon investigation it should prove as they said, he would pay the amount out of his own pocket. Spinner received word that the $1000 could not be found. The clerk who had made up the package was sent for and questioned, and as the party was one of the best clerks in the office, the Treasurer still persisted that the New York firm had made a mistake, and he, therefore telegraphed them to call in a third party, and make a new count and full search, and if not found he would remit the amount missing. According to instructions, the firm called in a well-known banker who counted the amount, and made it short $1000, but whilst overhauling some waste paper that came around the bundle, found the roll of bills, a package of $1000. This is the nearest to a loss that I have heard of, except this late missing package, which will undoubtedly turn up. The Redemption Bureau at the present time is one of the most important branches of the government, as hundreds of packages of bills and currency are received daily for redemption. There are some 60 to 75 ladies employed in this branch, whose business it is to count these packages of money as received from different parts of the country, and it is surprising to see with what rapidity the contents of these packages, containing mutilated and ragged currency and dilapidated bill, are tested. It is quite difficult for what is called a good judge to detect a counterfeit when the currency comes in such a sad plight as it does to this bureau, but the ladies engaged on this work are experts, and in rapidly counting they generally quickly detect a spurious note, and it is sent up to be stamped "counterfeit." It is not altogether by sense of feeling that counterfeits are detected, and I might say it is not a safe guide; but the false notes are detected by sight, and at times the currency, or piece, supposed to be counterfeit, is subjected to revere scrutiny before judgment is passed upon it. The packages, as received at the Treasury, are first counted, if currency, whole, and then they are divided in halves, and another counts the right, and a third party the left parts of the scrip.

If by carelessness the first party makes any mistakes by which the government loses thereby, she is obliged to make good such loss, to be deducted from her monthly salary, and also if the counter passes counterfeit notes. I have known of some ladies employed upon this branch, losing from $25 to $40 dollars per month, which, considering that their salary is but $900 per year, is a serious item. In some rooms the ladies form a "protective Union," then, if any one of their number meets with a loss, each one assessed to make up the amount. The new bills and currency are much easier counted, but yet this has its drawbacks, for the ink or coloring used in the paper is poisonous and there has been some very serious effects resulting from the poison being introduced into the system. I occasionally, in passing to and from the Treasury, meet a lady who is employed in that bureau who has been employed in counting the new bills and observing that her right hand was wrapped up, and upon making inquiry I learned that she had, some months since, slightly scratched her finger and without thinking had continued [illegible] that the finger became [illegible] and soon the hand, and for [illegible] was unable to use her right hand in [illegible] work. A young lady from your State was seriously injured by the poison received in her system by counting currency, and it is thought extremely doubtful if she ever recovers from the effects of it.

The scarcity of small bills has been felt some what in this city for some weeks past, and at present nothing less than twenties, and paid out at the Treasury, except absolutely necessary in the transaction of its business. It will be some weeks and perhaps months yet, before there will be a sufficient issue of small bills such as ones and twos to meet the demands throughout the country.

The "slight unpleasantness" at the City Hall in this city is something like the story in the Ledger "to be continued" and all parties seem to be determined to fight it out on this line if it takes all winter. The democracy seems exceedingly pleased at the state of things and are rather acting the part of seconds to the different wings of the Republican party and urging them on. The The Tax Collector Boswell who a short time since was denouncing the mayor, Mr. Bowen, has thrown up the sponge and there seems to be an amicable settlement between the two. Crane the instigator of the proceedings against the mayor, holds on with a bull-dog tenacity and two of our daily papers devote a large portion of their columns to testimony as given by the witnesses.

Our new postage stamps are the occasion of a great deal of difficulty, the trouble is that they adopt Sumners motto "to stick" too literally, and frequently packages sent from the Post office department, are returned by reason of this fault, and of late, the department burns these packages returned. A large lot was received from Harrisburg the other day and committed to the flames. It is said that they make an excellent fire, and as there is so much glutenous material used in their manufacture, it might be well to heat up the post office department the coming winter, with the sticky postal currency. PRENTISS.

### SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

York County, Sept. Term, 1869, at Alfred.

BARROWS, J., PRESIDING.

No. 241.—Olive Berry v. Andrew J. Guptill and Tr. Action on agreement for support, and set off filed by deft. with plea of performance. Tried by 2d jury, who gave verdict for plf. for $81.37.
Moore. Burbank.

No. 206. Sally Garcy v. Elisha A. Bradeen, Exr. Plf. claims life-interest in premises. Tried before Justice presiding without a jury on Saturday. Non-suit ordered, and plaintiff excepts.
Drew, Burbank. Weld, Kimball.

No. 218. James O. A. Harmon v. Nathaniel Berry. Deft defaulted for $38.90 debt and $43.47 costs.
Chisholm. Drew.

On Tuesday the criminal docket was taken up; the first case tried was State v. Alexander Welch and Theodore H. Whitten. For larceny of watch and money, coin and currency, from house of Jacob Morrill in Limerick. Welch was found guilty and Whitten not guilty.

State v. Albert Levi. Assault and battery upon a small boy, with the grossest circumstances of aggravation. Verdict, guilty.

At the suggestion of the County Attorney the criminals were brought in for sentence, and were sentenced as follows: John C. Gerrish, for larceny, to the State Reform-school until of age, and if, during that time, his behavior is good, to be discharged; if not, there will be added two years in State Prison. Albert Levi, assault and battery, sentenced to eight months in County jail. Wm. B. Smith, sentence suspended to ascertain if he would be received at reform-school. Frank W. Bickford, larceny, two years hard labor in State prison. Alexander Welch, larceny, four years hard labor in State prison.

HEARINGS IN CHAMBERS.

The following divorces were decreed:

Roxanna Jameson, libelt. v. Samuel N. Jameson.

Rebecca A. Lane, libellant, v. Ivory Lane.

Louisa M. Smith, libellant v. Andrew J. Smith.

Henry H. Stubbs, libellant vs. Lucy A. Stubbs.

THURSDAY.—State vs. Edward Bennett, larceny, verdict, guilty. Sentence nine months in county jail.

FRIDAY. The case of Wentworth v. Dorman occupied the court and jury until Monday noon. Verdict for plaintiff, damage assessed at $1.95.

Afternoon, Warren v. Kimball, opened to the jury, and continued up on report to the full Court.

TUESDAY, Oct. 12. Court came in at nine o'clock, and as there was no case ready for trial the Court adjourned until 2½ P. M.

General Pierce's last illness began about five weeks since, while he was stopping at his cottage at Hampton Beach. His health had been unusually good for months, and when the last attack came it was not considered dangerous. But he rapidly grew worse, and was taken to his home in Concord, where his attendant physician pronounced the disorder abdominal dropsy. Prompt treatment partially relieved the patient; but a few days afterward the symptoms became aggravated, and were again partially removed. The third time the system did not seem to respond to the remedies applied, and physical condition, joined with inability to take much noarishment, caused Mr. Pierce to commence sinking, and he continued to fall gradually until death. He was conscious to the last and had sufficient strength to converse up to within two hours of his decease. When his physician made his first visit to him in his last sickness, he remarked, "Doctor, what do you think of my case?" The reply was, "I think your symptoms are very grave ones." The General added: "I think so myself, and I am convinced I shall not recover." At times during his sickness he suffered from the hiccups and from neuralgic pains in his shoulder and hip. Finally these pains concentrated about the heart. At other times he was very calm and comfortable.

He conversed frequently during his sickness upon public and national matters, and expressed a deep interest and anxiety for the welfare of the country. He talked freely about the public men with whom he had been associated in political life, and spoke personally of his former Cabinet members, and of many other statesmen and representative men in different parts of the country. As death approached his waning strength did not permit him to converse, but to all appearances his bodily pain had left him. He lay quietly upon his bed, a calm, happy and resigned expression suffusing his countenance. At about five o'clock he looked around the room for the last time, his eyes resting for a moment upon those in attendance upon him, and then as calmly and sweetly as a child would sink to its rest he closed his eyes in his last sleep and passed away. He died at the residence of Mr. Willard Williams, where he had made his home while in Concord for many years.

### POLITICAL.

The New York World permits its correspondents to call the members of the Grand Army of the Republic—the men who fought for and saved the Union—"a set of scalawags."

The Cleveland Herald, alluding to the inconsistencies of the Labor Reform resolutions at Worcester, says: "One denounces all laws creating distinctions in favor of color, condition, nationality, or pursuit, and another is aimed directly against the introduction of Chinese labor. 'You pays your money and you takes your choice.'"

The latest news from Tennessee says Gov. Senter's action in withholding his message provokes comment and suspicion. He opposes repudiation vigorously and urges the payment of the State bonds and interest. The Legislature has pass to a first reading several bills for repealing certain laws distasteful to the rebels, and a violent and vindictive spirit is active. The contest for United States Senator is settling down to a trial of purses, creating the feeling that Johnson is the likeliest to win. The ex-President says he meets nothing but guerilla warfare. Etheridge declares that if the thing is decided in caucus he is certain of election.

A Washington dispatch to the New York Post says steps were recently taken by the State Department to obtain from Denmark an extension of the time for the ratification of the St. Thomas treaty, and it is now learned that this has been granted so that the matter will come up before the Senate at its next session. The feeling in Government circles continues to be growing more favorable to the purchase.

Rumors are afloat that the seizure of the Hornet will not deter the Cubans from sending out other privateers, but that news may soon be expected of another vessel getting to sea of a more extraordinary character than the Hornet.

Gen. Ames has telegraphed to the President, pronouncing the dispatch from Vicksburg representing that he will not allow a fair election in Mississippi false in every respect. He used no such language as is attributed to him.

The President has received a dispatch from Gen. Ames directly the opposite of that telegraphed from Vicksburg last night. He says he has never expressed his intention of using the military power to advance the interest of any party, and will give the people of Mississippi every opportunity to exercise their free will at the ensuing election. The country may rest assured that Gen. Ames will throw no obstacle in the way of a fair election.

Senator Morton, at Cincinnati, thus disposed of the Chinese suffrage question:

"The Fifteenth Amendment provides that no citizen of the United States shall be debarred from the right of suffrage on account of race or color or previous servitude. The Chinese are not citizens of the United States, and under the laws of the United States they cannot be. The laws of the United do not permit them to be naturalized, and unless naturalized and first made citizens of the United States, they could not possibly come under the operation of the Fifteenth Amendment."

It is known that Gen. Sherman accepted the office of Secretary of War only temporarily, or until the President could make a permanent appointment. The President has now appointed Major Gen. WILLIAM M. BELKNAP, of Keokuk, Iowa. Maj. Gen. Belknap is a graduate of Princeton College, New Jersey. He served in the army from the first to the last day of the late war; he commanded one of the divisions of the Fifteenth Army Corps, in Gen. Sherman's last two campaigns, with great credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his superior officer. He is about thirty-eight years of age, is in excellent health, and is a lawyer by profession. He has already been telegraphed to, and will reach Washington in a few days, when Gen. Sherman will formally resign his position as Secretary of War, and Gen. Belknap will enter upon the duties of his office.

James Cunningham, colored, has been appointed Postmaster of Manchester, adjoining Richmond, Va.

We learn faom a dispatch from Desmoines Iowa, that the election returns come in slowly, but enough are received to show that the vote of the State is very light and that the Republican majority will be between 25,000 and 30,000. The Legislature will be almost entirely Republican.

Jeff. Davis is said to have expressed the hope that the liberal Conservative Republicans of the South and the Democrats of the North would succeed in the fall elections. His estimate of darties is that the Northern Democrats represent what is left of the principle of self-government, or "white man's government," while the Conservative Republicans South represent all that is left of the principle in that section.

Judge Dent's adulation of the colored voters of Mississippi is getting to be rather sickening. He acknowledged the other day that it was his misfortune to have been born a white man, adding this pathetic extenuation: "I have, however, full sympathy for you, from being among you, and nursed by a colored woman, for whom I had the greatest affection. I shall always remember her with feelings of affection, as she guided my infant steps."

It is said that the trial of Mara and O'Dougherty, for the attempted assassination of revenue officer Brooks in Philadelphia, promises to be of great interest, as it is expected that the whole working of the whisky ring will be exposed.

Senator Morton said in his Cincinnati speech: "Except in regard to the war, slavery, and reconstruction, the Democratic party has no uniform status, on any subject."

General Alcorn, in his letter accepting the Republican nomination for Governor of Mississippi, says that the Democrats have, it is true, formed a Republican party in that State, but it is with the Republicans left out.

Gov. Senter, in his message to the Tennessee Legislature urges strongly the ratification of the 15th amendment to the constitution. He says the interest of Tennessee would be furthered thereby and that the people voted for it. He urges a continuation of the free school system and comments upon its good effects, scouts repudiation and advises the sale of delinquent railroads to enhance the value of the State bonds and asks for action to encourage emigration. Bills have been introduced into the legislature to disqualify negroes as jurors and to repeal the school law and abolish county superintendents of education.

The Supreme Court of Maine has now before it a question for decision—which it is said will be settled the present month—arising out of the settlement of the late suit of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad against the Boston and Maine, and Eastern Railroads, for the payment of back dividends in coin. The question is whether the present holders of stock, which they bought within the six years expressed in the suit, or the owners of the stock at the time the disputed dividends should have been paid, should receive the back dividends.

### York Agricultural Fair.

The following are the awards of the several committees of the recent Fair:

LADIES' WORK, &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| To Mrs. L. M. Kinnin, Elliot, pair mittens, | 25 |
| Mrs F. J. Clark, Elliot, Crochet Collar, | 50 |
| Miss Eunice Wallace, Biddeford, Rug, | 20 |
| Mrs. M E Hussey, Biddeford, Rug, | 50 |
| Mrs. M. H. Tarbox, Biddeford, Rug, | 50 |
| Alice S. Golding, Biddeford, Night Dress, | 50 |
| " " " Skirt, | 25 |
| Mrs. E. Emery, Limerick, Rug, | 50 |
| " " " " | 1 00 |
| Ilock Hills, Show Case, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Ilock Hills, Rug, | 75 |
| " " Sofa Pillow, | 50 |
| Mrs. Abby Tuttle, Rug, | 50 |
| " " " | 50 |
| L. W. Stone, Biddeford, Hair Wreath, | 75 |
| Mrs. S. S. Andrews, Shell Cross, | 25 |
| " " Pin Cushion, | 25 |
| Miss Ella Hooper, Bid. Wax Flowers, | 50 |
| " " " Pillow Slips. | 50 |
| Miss F. M. Peavy, Mat, | 50 |
| Miss Delia Atkinson, Case of Goods, | 1 00 |
| " " Hair Wreath, | 50 |
| Mrs. Helen Goodwin, Wax Fruit, | 50 |
| Mrs. J. F. Warren. Hollis, Chemise, | 50 |
| " " " Child's Blanket, | 25 |
| " " " Rug, | 75 |
| Miss H. E. Selles, Tidy, | 50 |
| Mrs. James Knight, Watch Case, | 25 |
| Eugenie Allen, Watch Case, | 25 |
| " " Pin Cushion, | 25 |
| " " Needle Book, | 25 |
| Mrs. J. H. Robbins, Bed Spread, | 75 |
| " " 2 Rugs, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Isaac Milliken, Skirt and Blanket, | 75 |
| Mrs. Benson, Saco, Rug, | 75 |
| Mrs. Luther Goodwin, Rug, | 75 |
| Mrs. Kimball, Rug, | 75 |
| Mrs. A. Maxfield, 2 Cases Good, | 2 00 |
| No. 186, Hair Wreath, | 50 |
| Mrs. Bicknell, Tidy, | 25 |
| " " | 25 |
| " " Lamp Mat, | 25 |
| Mrs, Lydia Denuett, Mexican Trimming, | 75 |
| Mrs. I Goodwin, Ground Moss Wreath, | 50 |
| " " Shells and Sea Moss, | 50 |
| " " Boquet, | 25 |
| " " Toilet Cushion, | 25 |
| Mrs. Simon Andrews, Infant Skirts, | 50 |
| Miss Sarah Little, Tidy, | 50 |
| Miss Nellie Leach, Tidy, | 50 |
| H. J. Hardy, Sofa Cushion, | 50 |
| " " Toilet Cushion, | 25 |
| " " Watch Case, | 25 |
| Mrs. B. W. Hammond, Elliot, 5 Rugs, | 3 00 |
| C. P. Hampson, Case of Hair, | 2 00 |
| Sarah L. Curtis. Sofa Pillow, | 50 |
| " " Tidy, | 50 |
| " " 2 Night Dresses, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. N. R. Moody, Rug, | 75 |
| Sarah A. Lowell, Socks, | 50 |
| Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Sofa Pillow, | 50 |
| S. J. Gowen, 2 Night Dresses, | 1 00 |
| Lizzie Littlefield, 1 Night Dress, | 50 |
| Mrs. Nathan Hanson, Counterpane, | 75 |
| " " " " | 75 |
| T. H. Hubbard, Affgan, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Edgecomb Hill, Rug, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. Moses, Saco, Embroidery, | 75 |
| Nellie Sheldon, Wax Cross, | 75 |
| Nellie King, Babies Bib, | 25 |
| " " Tidy, | 50 |
| " " Slippers, | 50 |
| Miss Hattie Page, Wax Cross, | 75 |
| Mrs. J. N. Bodwell, Wax Leaves, | 25 |
| " " Album Cross, | 25 |
| Miss Mary Palladee, Slippers, | 25 |
| " " " Lamp Mat, | 1 00 |
| J. C. Libby, Rug, | 75 |
| Mrs. Wingate, Saco, 2 Rugs, | 50 |
| " " " | 75 |
| Ellen Dresser, Ottamon Cover, | 25 |
| I. L. Owen, Wax Cross, | 75 |
| J. H. Backus, Worsted Picture, | 75 |
| Mrs. E. S. Fowler, Hair Wreath, | 75 |
| " " " Lamp Mat, | 50 |
| Manson Seavey, Wax Fruit, | 50 |
| Mrs. C. A. Jordan, Lamp Mat, | 25 |
| " " " Under Garments, | 50 |
| Mrs. Franklin Lowe, Wax Flowers, | 75 |
| Mrs. I. H. Towle, Rug, | 75 |
| Mrs. John H. Small, Tidy, | 50 |
| Mrs. Lord, Case of Mosses, | 50 |
| Mrs. Mary Dyer, Case Goods, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. A. A. Tapley, Case Millinery, | 1 00 |
| Mrs. John N. Stimpson, Pillow Slips, | 50 |
| Mrs. Mary Stephenson, Infant Dress, | 1 00 |
| Nancy Langdon, Cushion, | 25 |
| No. 440, Rug, | 75 |

DAIRY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Best June butter, Mrs. Aaron W. Milliken, 1st premium, | $3 00 |
| Mrs. E. H. Tripp, 2d premium | 2 00 |
| Best Sept. butter, Mrs. Frank R. Milliken, 1st premium, | $3 00 |
| Mrs. E. H. Tripp, 2d premium, | 2 00 |
| For Honey, R. W. Rumery, 1 premium, | 3 00 |
| Hiram Porter, 2d premium, | 2 00 |
| For white and brown bread. Miss Nellie Sheldron, | 2 00 |

PICTURES, &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| Davis & Co., for Photographs, | $3 00 |
| Frank Hasty, Water Colors, | $3 00 |
| Mrs. J. V. Backus, Pictures, | $1 50 |
| Miss Nellie Sheldron, Water Colors, | $1 50 |
| John E. Johnson, Worsted Picture, | 1 00 |

SHEEP SWINE, LIVE FOWLS.

SHEEP. Wm. H. Dearing, of Saco, offered a flock of 10 Sheep; from which flock he has sold this season seven lambs, for which he received $35. The number of pounds of wool produced is not given. Society's 1st premium, $10 00

S. P. Mckenny, of Biddeford, entered one pure blood South Down Buck, six months old, weighing 87 lbs.; Society's 1st premium, $3 00

HENS. Geo. B. Milliken, of Saco, entered a flock of 9 Leghorn Hens, and 9 chickens hatch-in June. The 9 hens in the three months ending July 1st, 1869, laid 50 doz. eggs; 32 doz. of which were sold for 50 cts. per doz.; the remainder at 30cts. per doz., amounting to $20 80 The cost of feed Mr. Milliken has not given. Society's 1st premium, $10 00

Ira C. Doe of Saco, entered a flock of 30 hens with the following exhibit of their profits for six months ending Oct 1st.:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cr. By 217 doz., eggs sold, | $65 00 |
| " " 14 chickens sold, | 7 00 |
| " " 20 chickens on hand val'd | 10 00 |
| | 82 10 |
| Dr. To 11 bushels grain, | 13 75 |
| Net profit, | $68 35 |

Mr. Doe says he has no fancy breeds; feeds on corn and buckwheat principally; keeps clean water by them; thinks no stock pays so well for liberal feeding and care as hens In the above account says he has made no account of eggs used in family which have sometimes been liberal. Society's 2d premium, $5 00

Thomas P. Coleman, Saco, flock of 10 Bramah chickens, gratuity 50cts.

James S. Wood, Saco, five Golden Hamburghs and 6 Bramahs, gratuity 50 cts.

Harrison Cleaves, flock chickens gratuity, 50 cts.

TURKEYS. Daniel McIntire, of Kennebunkport, offered a flock of 11 turkeys; 1st premium, $2 00

John T. Davis, 1st premium on Ducks, $1 00

SWINE. Geo. S. Lowell, entered for premium one breeding sow, of breed known as Chester Co. Had eight pigs in April; sold for $46 50. Had with her 9 pigs, about 4 weeks old. 1st premium, $3 00

R. M. Hobbs, of Biddeford, offered a breeding sow, two years old, cross between Mackey and Newburgh White. Has had 4 litters of pigs, 13 at each litter, of which he says the eleven now with her are samples. 2d premium, $2 00

John T. Davis, Biddeford entered one breeding sow, three years old gratuity $1 00

RABBITS. R. P. Tapley, jr. enterel 11 Rabbits of the Shanghie Breed, imported from Patagonia, gratuity 50 cts.

F. Fields, entered 4 Rabbits, as the breed known as Pickneyes, gratuity 50 cts.

Wm. McCorrison, entered two Rabbits known as the Crosswise breed; gratuity 50 cts.

MANUFACTURES.

S. R. Deane, of Dayton, Society's premium for best specimen of Flannel, $2 00

Mrs. M. D. Hill, of Dayton, exhibited 26 yards of carpeting which must have required considerable skill and patience to manufacture. Society premium for best specimen of Cotton and Wool Cloth $2 00

The Ossipee Manuf'g Company contributed 6 pairs different sizes very nice qualities blankets. Premium for best pair of Woolen Blankets, 1 50

Hand made Cotton and Wool Blankets, by Mrs. Oliver Dyer, Saco, gratuity of $1 00

Gratuity of one dollar to Mrs. Edward Ramery of Saco, a lady 70 years of age, for a piece of cloth spun and wove by her.

Mr. Edward Rumery for a lot of Flax done out, gratuity of $1 00

CARRIAGES, HARDWARE, &c.

But two carriages entered for premiums; both built by Towle & Frost of Saco, to whom was awarded the first premium of $10 00

John H. Sloman, Saco, entered a sleigh, the only one on exhibition, and is entitled to first premium of $10 00

To Amos Whittier, Biddeford, the Committee recommend a gratuity for Trotting Gig, built and exhibited by him, $5 00

Blake & Co., Biddeford, make the best show of stoves and heating apparatus, and steam boiler for clothes-cleaning; the committee award a premium of $5 00

To Geo. S. West, Biddeford, for stoves, &c., there being no second premium, the committee give a diploma.

To Moses Lowell, Saco, for exhibiting the celebrated Morning Glory Parlor Stove, the committee give thanks.

Samuel Hill, West Buxton, makes good show at Tin Ware, too serviceable for common use, and gets diploma.

To Smith & Jones, Biddeford, for three elegant lounges, committee with great pleasure award diploma.

Chadbourne & Stearns, Saco, had a good display of furniture, carpetings &c., and the committee give diploma.

Elwell—for one trunk, more suitable as a specimen of cabinet work than service in traveling, gets diploma.

Mrs. Jane Smith, Biddeford, exhibits Japanese work-box, but it hardly comes in the province of the committee to award a premium.

J. C. Libby, Biddeford, shows coffin lid, table waiter, and card. Thanks of committee.

N. F. Sawyer, for marble shelf, urn, and grave stone, gets diploma.

JOHN H. GOWEN, PAUL C. CHADBOURNE, ENOCH LOWELL, CHAS. O. GERRISH, JASON W. BEATTY. } Committee.

MECHANICAL.

To F. C. Allen, for a large variety of Power Loom Pickers, Society's Diploma.

To Littlefield & Hewes, for excellent specimens of Weavers Reeds, Society's Diploma.

G. A. Blake, exhibits "Judson's Self Washing Machine." This seems to be a new application of the principles of the Savory Steam Engines, and judging from the well known action of Steam and Water when such a device as this is employed, should think it would do its work admirably, recommend the 1st premium of three dollars.

To L. K. Brackett, for Camps Magic Clothes Washer, Society's Diploma.

That hive of industry: The Hardy Machine Co., shows a great variety of goods of their own manufacture, as well as samples of manufactured supplies in which they deal. The leading article manufactured by this establishment is what is known as "Hardy's Card Grinder," a very imperfect machine a few years since, but since taken in hand by Mr. Hardy, it has wonderfully improved. By his inventive talent, he has added a great many valuable improvements, which are patented by him, and which makes this machine so simple, and at the same time so effective, that it c

# Union and Journal.

**Clubbing with Magazines, &c.**

We can supply all the leading Periodicals of the country at the lowest club rates of their publishers, to subscribers to the JOURNAL only. The following list shows the price of the JOURNAL added to that of either of the various periodicals named:

$8.50—Littell's Living Age.
$6.00—Eclectic Magazine, The Nation, Round Table.
$5.50—"Every Saturday."
$5.35—Frank Leslie's Illustrated News, or the Chimney Corner.
$5.00—Either Atlantic Monthly, Waverly Magazine, Boston Semi-Weekly Journal, Boston Semi-Weekly Advertiser, N. Y. Semi-Weekly Tribune, Flag of Our Union, or Putnam's Monthly, Harper's Monthly, Harper's Weekly or Harper's Bazar Hearth and Home, Galaxy, Appleton's Journal.
$4.50—Godey's Lady's Book, New York semi-Weekly World, New York Ledger, American Naturalist, Scientific American, or Congregationalist.
$4.25—Either "Hours at Home," or American Journal of Horticulture, or Rural New Yorker.
$4.00—New England Farmer, True Flag, American Union, Gleason's Literary Companion, or Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly, or Home Journal.
$3.50—Either Our Young Folks, Peterson, Arthur, Boston Weekly Spectator, Boston Journal, Boston Traveller, New York Tribune, New York Weekly World, Lady's Friend, Oliver Optic's Magazine, The American Odd Fellow, Sabbath at Home, "Home Circle."
$3.15—Ballou's Monthly.
$3.00—Either American Agriculturist, or Student and Schoolmate, or Maine Normal.

## LOCAL AFFAIRS.

***Unusual Inducements.***

For $2.00 paid in advance we will credit new subscribers to the first of December 1870 and furnish back numbers from the commencement of our story.

***Westward.***

We regret to see so many of our York county people leaving Maine, unless it be truly for their greater good. Monday, Capt. Turner and family left this city for the south, probably Tennessee, and Alex. Fellows and family left for Kansas City. Henry H. McKenney, who for so many years kept the gunsmith shop in Biddeford, opposite the City Buildings, has gone to live in Baltimore, where a son resides. Capt. Edward Nason of Kennebunk has sold his residence in Mousam village to Stephen Perkins, esq., and moved out to Kansas. His brother, Capt Tobias S. Nason, has sold his interest in the store and stock to his late partner, James W. Nason, and proposes to remove to Kansas also. We learn that Capt. Noah Nason of Westboro', Mass., who formerly lived in Kennebunk talks of moving westward too. William Scamman, an old resident of Saco offers for sale all his persoual estate proposing to remove to Iowa.

***Sudden Death.***

Mr. Nathnniel Roberts of Lyman, who for several years has carried on the farm and managed the business affairs of the Misses Brackett of Lyman, died very suddenly of heart disease last Sunday morning. He was returning from the barn and dropped to the ground near the threshold of the door and expired almost instantly. He was a very intelligent and upright man, and will be greatly missed by his neighbors and townsmen, whose confidence and esteem he enjoyed in a marked degree.

***Base Ball.***

The Union Base Ball Club of No. Berwick, played a match game with the Actives of South Berwick Junc., on the ground of the latter Club, June 9th. The Unions beat the Actives by a score, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Union | 56 |
| Actives | 26 |

Challenge proceeded from the Unions.

REPORTER.

No. BERWICK, Oct. 9, 1869.

***Probate.***

At the Probate Court at Alfred last week Judge Bourne was somewhat embarrassed by the appearance of two women, each asserting rights as the widow of Luther Manson, late of Kittery, and claiming dower and allowance out of his estate.

***Fire in Alfred.***

On Saturday last, the house, barn and outbuildings belonging to Jacob Pillsbury of Alfred were totally destroyed by fire, together with their contents, consisting of almost twenty tons of hay, also wheat, corn, and three hogs. Total loss $1000. Insured for $400 in the Gilmanton Company.—*Democrat*

***Surgical.***

Last Monday Drs. Allen and Kimball of Saco successfully removed the breast from the wife of Wm. Joy of this city.

***Cleared.***

The schooner Franconia cleared from Saco for Savannah, Ga., last Monday, with machinery to be put into cotton mills near Macon, Georgia, with $40,000 worth of machinery manufact'd by the Water Power Mach. Shop of this city.

***Resigned.***

Edwin B. Smith has resigned the position of deputy-collector of customs, District of Saco, on account of election to the legislature, and Mr. Chadbourne, the collector, has appointed Jason W. Beatty to fill the vacancy.

***Personal.***

On Friday Hon. James H. McMullan Agt. Water Power Machine Shop, was obliged to give up his business by an attack of fever. We are pleased to learn that the fever is not of a violent character, and that Mr. McMullan is very comfortable, and that his physicians do not apprehend a serious illness.

***Navy Yard.***

During the violence of the storm on Monday, the wharf at Wood Island, built by the Government for the landing of naval vessels, was carried away. The hospital which was raised there early in the season, also received some slight damage from the high winds. Repairs will be commenced immediately.

The fresh water supply at the Yard is being greatly augmented by the laying of pipes from the pond at Seavey's Island to the Yard. A large force of men are employed to hasten the work.

James Barrett fell from the bow of the Wyoming at the Navy Yard, breaking two of his ribs.

While building a coal bin in his cellar last Saturday, Mr. John Hanscom caught the axe over head by which he split open his hand causing a severe wound.

A *nolle prosequi* has been entered in the case of State vs. James O. Trefethen, an apothecary, a liquor indictment. We presume no one who knows Mr. Trefethen could suppose him guilty of what is termed "liquor selling." We learn that there was some irregularity about his selling as town agent, he supposing that the proper papers were filed when they were not. Such being the case a *nol pros.* was a very proper motion to make, Mr. County Attorney.

***Washed Ashore.***

The body of Hilton, the second of the two men who were drowned at Wells Friday night, has since washed ashore. It is thought they were returning into the harbor when their boats were swamped by the surf.

***Clothes Washer.***

Dr. Theo. H. Jewett, of South Berwick, late Professor in Bowdoin College, says: I have used Camp's Magic Clothes Washer in my family, and it has given perfect satisfaction; in a word, it is all it is recommended to be, and I believe that whoever places one in his house will not, after a fair trial, be willing to do without it. See advertisement.

***Accidents.***

John Richards, about 12 years old, fell from a ladder on the Pepperell, last week, fracturing his thigh.

A man whose name we have not learned, belonging at Deer Island, while fishing for mackerel about twelve miles from the Pool last Friday, had a mackerel hook thrust into his eye-ball, which was thrown by another person. He came to the city with the hook completely buried in his eye. Dr. Warren extracted the hook, but the young man will lose the sight of the eye.

Last Monday Mr. Joseph W. Hanson of Lyman had a remarkable escape from a terrible injury. A log which took four oxen to handle, broke two chains and rolled against his leg about three inches above the knee jamming it against a wheel. There seems to have been just space enough between the log and the wheel to prevent crushing the bone.

On Saturday Capt. William Hill's ankle was caught in a coil of rope as he was towing a vessel and painfully injured. The rope was immediately cut else it would have cut off the foot. Dr. Warren thinks the Capt. will recover in a short time.

***To be Raised.***

Messrs. Daniel & Tri tram Goldthwait have taken the contract to raise the fishing schooner, Nellie Grant which was sunk at the Pool by the late storm. She is to be taken to Capt. White's railway wharf to be repaired.

***New Store.***

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisements of the New Cloak Store Hardy's block, by Mr. C. P. McIntire, who will spare no pains to give entire satisfaction to his customers. Those in want of goods in his line will do well to call, before purchasing elsewhere.

***Across the Continent.***

The editor of this paper started this morning for a trip across the Pacific railroad to San Francisco, to be gone about four weeks. The jobbing department is left in charge of his experienced foreman, and all work will be as promptly attended to as though he were here. The readers of the JOURNAL will please be as lenient as they can for any shortcomings they may observe in the paper until he returns, in consideration of not so much experience in that department by those he has left in charge.

***Adjournment of Court.***

On Tuesday, at Alfred, Judge Barrows announced his determination to adjourn as early at least as to-day.

***P. & R. Railroad.***

Thos. Quimby, esq., of this city has been appointed Supt. of the Portland & Rochester railroad. He will enter upon his duties in about two weeks. Mr. Quimby is a successful business man of long experience, and in his new field will not disappoint his friends who expect much from his management. Messrs. George F. Hitchings and Michael Lynch have taken the contract to build the railroad from Alfred to Rochester.

***Family Meeting.***

The twenty-first anniversary of the Roberts Family met Wednesday Oct 7 at time and place appointed at the house of Joseph D. Roberts. The day was a delightful one and love and friendship freely flowed; there seemed to be a golden chain of harmony prevailing throughout the day. The meeting was called to order by the President J. W. Roberts, scripture was read and prayer by same, after which was sung some of Ye old folks songs and others and then the exercises were somewhat varied. At half past twelve they were invited to partake of a bountiful repast served for the occasion. Whole number present fifty-five; about two o'clock this family started on an exploring excursion up the river a short distance from the house where Mr. Lowe from Mass. is about to erect a large Saw Mill. All retur ned, old and young, to the house feeling well pleased with the transit. Closing prayer was offered by Dimon Roberts, esq., after which the family was invited to partake of some refreshments. At five o'clock the meeting adjourned to meet next year at John Roberts', with now and then a good-bye &c.

H. J.

## Biddeford and Saco Retail Price Current.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1869.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, ₩ bu., | 1 50 @ 2 00 | Oats, ₩ bu. | 80@85 |
| Cooking, ₩ bu., | 75@1 00 | Oil, lard, ₩ gall | 1 85 |
| Dried, ₩ lb. | | Whale, ₩ gall. | 1 67@ |
| Beans, ₩ bu. | 3 00@3 50 | Kerosene, ₩ gall. | 45@50 |
| Butter, ₩ lb. | 45@48 | Peas, ₩ bu. | 2 00@2 25 |
| Cheese, ₩ lb. | 17@20 | Potatoes, new ₩ bu. | 67@75 |
| Coffee, Rio, ₩ lb. | 25@27 | Pork, salt, ₩ lb. | 19@21 |
| Java, ₩ lb. | 35@38 | Dressed Hogs, | 14@15 |
| Corn, ₩ bu. | 1 25@1 30 | Rice, ₩ lb. | 12@13 |
| Chickens, ₩ lb. | | Rye, ₩ bu. | 1 40@1 00 |
| Eggs, ₩ doz. | 28@30 | Meal, | 2 00 |
| Flour, common | $9.50 @ 10 | Pilot Bread, | 12 |
| Extra, | 8 00 @ 9 50 | Crackers, | 11 |
| Double Ex., | 9 00@11 00 | Crackers, ₩ bbl. | 4 50 |
| Fish, Dry Cod, ₩ lb. | 7@8 | Soda Crackers, | 16 |
| Pollock, ₩ lb | 4@6 | Salt, ₩ bu. | 75 |
| Hake, ₩ bbl. | $3 00@3 50 | Sugar, Mus., ₩ lb. | 14@15 |
| Portories, ₩ gall. | 75@95 | Hav. brn., ₩ lb. | @15 |
| | | Crushed, Powdered and Granulated, | 17@18 |
| | | Tea, oolong, ₩ lb. | 90@1 25 |
| | | Japan, ₩ lb. | 1 00@1 50 |
| | | Vinegar, ₩ gall. | 30@40 |
| | | Wood, hl., ₩ cord, | 6 00@6 50 |
| | | Hard pine | 5 50 |
| | | White pine | 4 00@4 50 |

## Cambridge Cattle Market --Oct. 12.

| | Cattle. | Sheep & Lambs. | Swine. |
|---|---|---|---|
| This week, | 491 | 4846 | 759 |
| Last week, | 150 | 2244 | 3300 |
| One year ago, | 1230 | 14155 | 3334 |

NUMBER FROM THE SEVERAL STATES.

| | Cattle. | Sheep & Lambs. | Horses. | Swine. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maine, | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| N. Hamp's, | 100 | 1080 | .... | .... |
| Vermont, | 300 | 3082 | .... | 66 |
| Massachus's, | 39 | .... | .... | .... |
| New York, | 12 | 289 | .... | 193 |
| Western, | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Canada, | 40 | 395 | .... | 500 |
| Total, | 491 | 4846 | .... | 759 |

Prices of Market Beef—Extra $13 00 @ $14 25; first quality $12 50 @ $13 00; second quality $11 50 @ 12 00; third quality $9 @ $11 00.

Prices of Store Cattle—Working Oxen, ₩ pair, $150, $200, $250 @ $300.

Milch Cows and Calves from $35, $50, $65, $75, $100 @ $115.

Yearlings $17 @ $26; two years old $28 @ $40; three years old $45 @ $62.

Prices of Sheep and Lambs—In lots $2 00, $2 50, $3 00 @ $3 50 each; extra $3 75 @ $4 25, or from 3¼ @ 7½c ₩ lb.

Spring Lambs, $3 00 @ $4 50.

Hides 9@9½c ₩ lb. Tallow 7 @ 7½c ₩ lb.

Pelts 80c each. Calf Skins 22 @ 23c ₩ lb.

Prices of Poultry—Extra 19@20c; prime 18@19c; good 17@18c; medium 16@17c.

Sheep—Extra includes Cosets, and when those of an inferior quality are thrown out.

N. B. Beef—Extra and first quality include nothing but the best, large, fat, stall-fed Oxen; second quality includes the best grass-fed Oxen, the best stall-fed Cows, and the best three year old Steers; ordinary consists of Bulls and the refuse of lots.

REMARKS.

This week is also broken up; there is an advance since the first of last week of strong 1½c ₩ lb. that will probably decline by the last of the week.

## MARRIED.

At Lower Biddeford, Oct. 6, by Rev. J. D. Emerson, Mr. Walter K. Durell, of Charlestown, Mass., and Miss Henrietta Emery, daughter of Dea. Emery, of B.

In this city, Oct. 9, by Rev. S. F. Wetherbee, Capt. James Newcomb, of Quincy, Mass., and Mrs. Nancy E. Littlefield, of this B.

In this city, Oct. 9, by Rev. S. F. Wetherbee, Mr. Rufus A. Coffin and Miss Margaret A. Edwards, both of B.

In Wells, Oct. 5, by Rev. Rufus Chase, Lewis E. Keyes, esq., and Miss Betsey C. Littlefield, both of W.

In Kennebunkport Centre, Oct. 3, Mr. Joseph N. Currier and Miss Arsenath M. Goodwin, both of Kennebunkport Centre.

In Brownfield, Oct. 2, by Rev. E. C. Cook, Mr. Sewall H. Rand and Mrs. Emeline Parsons, both of Brownfield.

## DIED.

☞ Notices of deaths, not exceeding six lines, inserted free, above that number, at regular advertising rates.

In this city, Oct. 2, very suddenly, of heart disease, Miss Nellie Francis Burnham, aged 21 years.

In this city Sept. 28, of typhoid pneumonia, after a painful and severe illness, Edgar F., only child of Capt. George W. and Sarah L. Sawyer, aged 12 yrs., 2 months and 19 days. He was affectionate and good, and has left a vacant place which can never be filled.

In Saco, Oct. 5, Mrs. Lydia Ridlon, aged 88 years and 8 months.

In Lyman, Oct. 10, of heart disease, Mr. Nathaniel Roberts, aged 50 years.

At the Insane Hospital, Augusta, Sept. 22, Mrs. Phebe E. Dame, of Kittery, aged 70 years.

In South Berwick, Sept. 26, Simon Joy, aged 24 years.

## WANTS, LOST AND FOUND.

WANTED—By a young man a situation as Clerk in a Jeweller's Shop; has had some experience in watch repairing. Address G. M. PUSNIX, Box 24 Alfred, Me. 3w42*

WANTED — Colt's or Remington's Army and Navy Revolvers. Also, Sharp's or Spencer's Rifles or Carbines. Any person having any of the above for sale can dispose of them by calling on CLARK & EDGERLY, Gunsmiths and dealers in all kinds of sporting goods, at 180 Main Street, Biddeford, Maine. 40tf

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Two first-class Laundry women, one to iron and one to wash. Must be thoroughly acquainted with the business. To such I will give steady employment and good pay. Apply to G. H. OAKES, Sale-work and Sewing Machine Rooms Nos. 4, 5 & 6 Hardy's Block, City Square, Biddeford, Me. 31

WANTED—4,000 bushels of Cider Apples, 10 bushels of Blackberries, and 50 bushels of Black Cherries, for which the highest market price will be paid. Apply to Lyman Ayer, 108 Main St., Biddeford. 36 GILBERT BERRY.


***New Advertisements.***

MACHINERY FOR SALE!

CONSISTING of 2 good Shingle Machines, 1 good Planer, Clapboard Machine, 220 feet of Belting, 1 set of Beveled Gear, for iron or wooden shafting, and one

Spiral-vent Water-Wheel.

Also, about 10 feet of Iron Shafting, one 36in. Splitting Saw, &c., &c. Enquire of

J. G. HARMON,
Union Falls, (Dayton,) Me., Oct. 18, 1869. 3w43*

THE CELEBRATED CAMP'S

Magic Clothes Washer.

No Rubbing, No Boiling,
NO WEARING OUT OF CLOTHING!

The Hard Labor of Wash-Day Reduced to a Quick and Easy Operation!

No Chemicals Used!

☞ Try it and see for yourself that this article is no humbug.

COSTS BUT $10—MACHINE WARRANTED.

L. K. BRACKETT, BERWICK, Me.
P. O. Address: GREAT FALLS, N. H. 43tf

NEW

CLOAK STORE!

HARDY'S BLOCK, BIDDEFORD.

MR. CALVIN P. McINTIRE would announce to the public of Biddeford, Saco and vicinity, that he has opened as above for the

MANUFACTURE OF CLOAKS,

and that he will keep constantly on hand a great variety of choice

FANCY GOODS!

Cloakings, Repellants,
MADE & UNMADE,
*TRIMMINGS OF ALL KINDS,*

Selected from the latest New York and Boston fashions. Having engaged

MISS A. H. ANDREWS

in the Cutting Department, he warrants satisfaction. 43tf

Fresh and Attractive Music.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BOOK NOW BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

The Choral Tribute!

BY L. O. EMERSON.

Choristers and singers unanimously agree that it surpasses all other works of Church Music by this popular author.

(Until November 1—Clergymen, Choristers and Teachers who have not yet examined this valuable work, will be supplied with a single copy at $1,25—postage paid.)

Price $1.50; $13.50 per dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
43tf C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.


***Probate Notices.***

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

AT a Court of Probate held at Alfred, within and for the County of York, on the first Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered,

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the UNION AND JOURNAL, and in the Maine Democrat, papers published in Biddeford, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at North Berwick, in said county, on the first Tuesday in November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon, and object, if they see cause.

GILBERT EARL, late of South Berwick, deceased. Will presented for probate by Abner Oakes, the Executor therein named.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, late of Somersworth, Strafford County, New Hampshire, deceased. Will presented for probate by Rachel Wentworth, the Executrix therein named.

PHEBE E. DAME, late of Kittery, deceased. Will presented for probate by "Mr. Bacon, the lawyer at Kittery," the Executor therein named.

JOSHUA DEARING, late of Kennebunkport, deceased. Second account presented for allowance by Woodbury Smith, his Executor.

JOHN B. PEIRCE, minor child of John F. Peirce, late of Wells, deceased. First account presented for allowance by Increase S. Kimball, his Guardian.

JOSEPH WILDES, late of Lebanon, deceased. First account presented for allowance by Tristram F. Goodwin, his Administrator.

PHEBE E. DAME, an insane person, late of Kittery, deceased. First account presented for allowance by Thomas M. Weeks, lately her Guardian.

NATHAN HOPKINSON, late of Saco, deceased. First account presented for allowance by Daniel Dennett, his Executor.

NATHAN PALMER, late of Hollis, deceased. Second account presented for allowance by Charles E. Weld, his Executor. Also, private account of said Executor presented for allowance.

SALLY B. SMITH, late of Buxton, deceased. Second account presented for allowance by Albion K. P. Meserve, her Executor.

SOLOMON S. LIBBEY, late of Berwick, deceased. First account presented for allowance by Betsey Libbey, his Executrix.

JAMES L. BARKER, late of Biddeford, deceased. First account presented for allowance by Martha G. Barker, his Administratrix.

DAVID NASON, late of Alfred, deceased. Petition for administration presented by Abiel G. Trafton et al, selectmen of Alfred.

JOB HARRIS, late of Berwick, deceased. Petition for administration presented by Hiram Clark et al, his creditors.

WILLIAM H. REDDING, late of York, deceased. Petition for administration presented by Joseph Bragdon, jr., overseer of poor of York.

BETSEY DUDLEY, late of Parsonsfield, deceased. Petition for administration presented by Joshua W. Hodsdon, her Creditor.

WILLIAM C. WENTWORTH, late of Lebanon, deceased. Petition for license to sell and convey real estate to pay debts, presented by Almira Wentworth, his Administratrix.

MARY B. and EVA S. CLOUGH, minor children of Charles H. Clough, late of Parsonsfield, deceased. Petition for license to sell and convey real estate at private sale, presented by David C. Ellis, their Guardian.

JANE M. PRAY, late of Wolfeborough, New Hampshire, deceased. Petition for license to sell and convey real estate in this county, to pay debts, presented by John M. Ames, her Executor.

WINSLOW, JOSEPH H., JOHN F., and JENNIE E. LOMBARD, of Saco, minors. Petition for license to sell and convey real estate to pay debts, presented by Joseph Bradbury, their Guardian.

MARY E. and MAGGIE K. CHASE, minor children of Samuel F. Chase, late of Saco, deceased. Petition for license to sell and convey real estate and put proceeds at interest, presented by Elizabeth M. Chase, their Guardian.

E. E. BOURNE, JUDGE.

A true copy of the original order,

3w43 Attest: H. H. BURBANK, Register.


***Miscellaneous.***

DRY GOODS. DRY GOODS.

FALL STOCK.

F. A. DAY,
163 Main Street, Biddeford,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the ladies of York County to his large and rich assortment of

NEW FALL GOODS!

Embracing every variety of

Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, House Furnishing Goods, Woolens, Trimmings, &c.

CARPETINGS.

The largest assortment in York County, for sale at the Lowest Prices. Call and examine.

F. A. DAY.
163 Main Street, (City Building,) Biddeford, Me. 21

BEST FAMILY GROCERIES.

STONE & BRACKETT

HAVE JUST OPENED AT

No. 4 City Square, (Hardy's Block),

Just above the Biddeford House, a large assortment of

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERES,

Which they are prepared to sell at low prices, and and deliver to families in any part of the city. We invite those in want of

NICE AND FRESH ARTICLES,

to give us a call.

Biddeford, July 2, 1869. 28

MANHOOD!

154th Edition.

A MEDICAL ESSAY on the Cause and Cure of Premature Decline in Man, the treatment of Nervous and Physical Debility, &c., the result of 20 years' successful practice.

"There is no member of society by whom this book will not be found useful, whether such person holds the relation of Parent, Preceptor, or Clergyman."—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

"Curtis on 'Manhood' should be in the hands of young and old."—*Chronicle.*

"'Manhood,' by Dr. Curtis, is one of the few books which can lay claim to the character of being strictly professional. The moral and medical precepts in it render it invaluable."—*Lancet.*

"'Manhood.' The experience and reputation of Dr. Curtis in the treatment of the diseases set forth in this little pamphlet is the patient's guarantee, and well deserves for the work its immense circulation."—*Daily Times.*

Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. Address the author, D. CURTIS, 14 Chapman St., Boston, Mass.
1y43

***Biddeford Advertisements.***

FALL AND WINTER

DRESS GOODS!

LEIGHTON & GOODWIN

ARE NOW OPENING

A FRESH STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

Special attention is called to their stock of

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN DRESS GOODS,

Shawls, Cloaks, Arabs, Cashmere Long and Square Shawls. Also, a good line of Black Beavers, Fancy Cloak Goods, Brown, Black and Gold Mixed Repellants, for Suits.

***House Keeping Goods!***

We have a full line of Bleached and Brown Linen Table Covers, by the square or yard, Napkins, Doylies, Lancaster, Bates. Toilet, and Marseilles Quilts, Blankets, Bleached and Brown Cottons, Tickings, &c., &c.

***Ladies' Under Vests,***

Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Printed and Embroidered Skirts and Balmorals.

We make a Specialty of

***Fancy Shirting Flannels.***

Also, Gray and Scarlet Twills.

***Woolen Goods.***

We keep a full line of Woolen Goods for Men and Boys' Wear. Also, a good line of Gent's Undershirts and Drawers.

Our Stock is New and Desirable,

to which we invite your special attention.

LEIGHTON & GOODWIN,

145 Main St., Biddeford House Block. } Biddeford, Me. 4w40

THE CELEBRATED

HOWE SEWING MACHINE

Can be had of

S. NEWCOMB, Agent,
44 At his Shoe Manufactory South Street

ADVERTISING.

COST OF ADVERTISING.

In this, as in everything else, the best papers will command the best prices. It is cheaper to pay 5c for inserting your advertisements in a journal having a circulation of 5,000, than to pay 2c for one that has only a circulation of 1,000. Of this you may be sure, that any journal that inserts advertisements cheap, is, in fact, a worthless medium. If it really were a good one, it would have no need to lower its prices, for its sheet would be filled without the sacrifice. You may safely lay it down as a rule that every journal knows its value, and that if it adopts low prices it is because it is conscious that it has a low circulation in number or in respectability.—*From Effingham Wilson's Handbook for Advertisers.*

HINTS TO ADVERTISERS.

When people see a man advertise they know he is a business man, and his advertising proclaims that he is not above business, but anxious to do it.

Customers, like sheep, are gregarious, and flock where they see others go. If nobody else were engaged in the same business, it would be important to tradesmen and dealers to advertise in the paper, because people are tempted to buy what they read of. But others are engaged in the same business; and even if they do not advertise, it becomes the more important for you to do so; if they do advertise it becomes doubly important.—*Anon.*

Without the aid of advertisements I could have done nothing in my speculations. I have the most complete faith in "printers' ink." Advertisements are being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you nor heard of your business, nor never would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the paper.—*Dr. John Campbell.* 32

Farm at Auction.

I SHALL sell at public auction on the premises, at 10 o'clock A. M., on Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1869, the farm known as the

"Col. Emmons' Farm,"

situated in the south-east part of Lyman, on the cross-road leading from the Union School House to the Alfred and Kennebunk road. Said farm contains 50 acres, suitably divided, well fenced, with good buildings thereon. Conditions made known at time and place of sale.

Also, for sale, from 8 to 10 tons of Hay, Farming Utensils, 2 Cows, Wagons, Sleigh, Harnesses, Household Furniture, &c. I. C. EMMONS.

Lyman, Oct. 8, 1869. 2w42*

Ag'ts Wanted

TO SELL TICKETS TO

COLISEUM CONCERTS,

To take place in Boston, October 21, 22 and 23, 1869.

EACH TICKET admits to one GRAND CONCERT by Gilmore's Band,—entitles to one COLORED LITHOGRAPH of COLISEUM,—and secures an INTEREST in the coliseum and its decorations. This is one of the most popular enterprises in America.

TICKETS ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Send for Circular, giving all particulars, terms and commission to agents, &c., &c. Address

COLISEUM ASSOCIATION,
P. O. BOX No. 1225,
3w40 Or No. 14 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

COLLINS' MOONSTONE.

THE MOONSTONE, a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "Armadale," "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Antonina," "Queen of Hearts," &c., with many Illustrations. 8vo; paper $1.50, cloth $2.00

Of all the living writers of English fiction no one better understands the art of story-telling than Wilkie Collins. He has the faculty of coloring the mystery of a plot, exciting terror, pity, curiosity, and other passions, such as belongs to few if any of his confreres, however much they may excel him in other respects. His style, too, is singularly appropriate—less forced and artificial than the average of modern novelists.—*Boston Transcript.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Harper & Brothers will send the above work by mail, postage pre-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of price. 33

J. & B. K. MOORE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASS, PLATED WARE,

—AND—

Paper Hangings, Window Shades,

LAMPS, LANTERNS, KEROSENE GOODS, & CUTLERY.

*No. 169 Main Street, City Building,*

BIDDEFORD, ME.

Goods not kept in this Market can be obtained on Special Order. 4weow41

1869. AUTUMN. 1869.

At the Old Stand, No. 3 Pepperell Square,

Can be found among the large assortment of

COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,

THE CELEBRATED

MORNING GLORY!

(BASE BURNER,)

STEWART'S PARLOR,

—AND THE—

MAGEE'S

ADVANCE COOK STOVE

Together with a great variety of

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, STOVE REPAIRS, &C.

MOSES LOWELL,

No. 3 Pepperell Square, Saco, Me. 42tf

***Biddeford Advertisements.***

Woolen Yarn

5 CENTS A SKEIN.

Rhode Island Yarn—large bunches.
Splendid lot Ladies' Clouds.
Bracelets, only 10 cents each.
Splendid lot Mantel Ornaments. 25 cents each.
Handsome Vases.
Travelling and Shopping Bags.
Large lot Work Boxes and Toys.
New lot Fancy Oil Paintings.
New lot Wreaths, Baskets, &c.
Black Pins, Chains, Pins and Ear-Rings.
Buttons—a large assortment.
Ladies' Fancy Combs.
FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF, 60 CENTS.

I.

Flagg's Cough Killer. 60 cts.
New Style Bracelets, only 25 cts.
Ladies' LINEN Cuffs, (warranted,) 25 cts.
Ladies' White Ribbed Hose, 10 cts
Splendid lot Jewelry, selling *Very Cheap.*
Nice assortment *new style* Black Combs. *At low prices.*
Ladies' White Hose, only 10 cts
Ladies' Wide Hemmed Handkfs, only 10 cts
Best French *Whalebone* Corsets, only 75 cts
Best Spool Cotton, 04 cts Good Nets, 04 cts
Best Linen Thread, 04 cts. Good Wallets, 25 cts
Nice Lot Silk Fans, *Selling Cheap. At low prices.*
New assortment Albums,
Black Lace and Silk Veilings.
Ladies' White and Colored Lisle Thread Gloves.
Gent's Linen Handkfs, (extra bargain) 25 cts
Gent's All Linen Bosoms, only 25 cts
Gent's Paper Collars, linen button hole 25 cts
Ladies' *embroidered* edge and corner Hdfs, 25 cts
Ladies' Lace Square Veils, only 25 cts
Ladies' Tucked Cuffs, (nice ones), 25 cts
Pearl Sleeve Buttons. 20 cts
Black Kid Gloves of the best quality, Cheap
Black Velvet Ribbons, (best), Very Low.
Rubber Rattles, 25 cts. Toy Tea Sets, 25 cts
Good assortment Parlors and China Vases.
Ladies' *Silk and Braid* Nets
Ladies' Elastics and Elastic Braids.
Dress Buttons. Shirt Buttons.
Red, Drab, and Green Curtain Tassels, 12 cts
A good Black Belt for 25 cts
Wallets, 25 cts. Hair Brushes, 25 cts
Good Tooth Brushes 10 cts. Pink Saucers, 10 cts
Dolls and Doll Heads, all sizes.
Men's Cotton Hose, (good ones), 25 cts
Gent's Suspenders, various qualities,
Good Scissors, 25 cts. Linen Collars, 09 cts
Ladies' all linen Handkfs, only 08 cts
Coarse Combs, 04 cts. Clarks Spool Cotton, 04 cts
Rubber and Ivory Fine Combs
Best Corset Springs. Hair Pins.
Best Honey or Glycerine Soap, 25 cts
Pretty Fancy Baskets for Beaux or Belles, 25 cts
Pink Fans 25 cts. New Bosom Pins,
Best Pins, Needles and Tapes.
Gilt Edge Bibles, only 50 cts
Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer, 60 cts
Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia, only 60 cts
Wallace's new improved Hair Restorer, only 40 cts
*All other* kinds Hair Restorers, *Cheap.*
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, 25 cts
Best Lily White, 10 cts. Pink Balls, 10 cts
Best Red Rouge, 25 cts. Nice Hair Oil, 25 cts
Arctusine, (or *Canada Bear's Grease*), 50 cts
Nice Bay Rum Oil for the Hair, 20 cts
Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, *Cheap.*
Schlotterbeck's Moth and Freckle Lotion.
Magnolia Balm. Laird's Bloom of Youth.
Schenck's Tonic and Syrup, each $1 00
Schenck's Pills, 17 cts. Wing's Pills, 17 cts
Ayer's Pills, 17 cts. Wright's Pills, 17 cts
Hill's Rheumatic Pills, 17 cts
Hutchins' *Headache* Pills, only 17cts
Ayer's Sarsaparilla & Cherry Pectoral each 75 cts
Peruvian Syrup, (preparation of Iron), 75 cts
Roland's Humor Pr., (good for Humors), Cheap.
Helmbold's Extract of Buchu, only 90 cts
Plantation Bitters, only 90cts
Atwood's Bitters, 24 cts. Brown's Troches, 24 cts
Langley's, Williams,' Hostetter's, Pierce's, Richardson's, Speer's Sambuel Wine, and other Bitters, *At Low Prices*
Jackson's Catarrh Snuff, only 25 cts
Kennedy's Medical Discovery, 1 05
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, only 75 cts
Coe's Dyspepsia Cure,
Jayne' Expectorant, 75 cts
Dr. Babcock's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Low.
Russia Salve, 20 cts
Miss Sawyer's Salve, 20 cts
Phalon's Cereus and Fleur de Mayo, 70 cts
Tea Rose, Patchouly, Pondilly, Musk, Jocky Club, Rose Geranium, and other Perfumes, *At Low Prices*
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, only 24 cts
Renne's Magic Oil, 30 cts
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***Miscellaneous.***

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### Spare Lines.

Courtship is a sort of game of hide and seek. Both parties hide their own worst qualities and seek the best in the other.

In Chicago, when the girls are popped to, the return question is, 'Whose husband are you just now, and for how many days?'

A Boston preacher lately indulged in a military figure that exhausted all the evolutions of Upton, and wound up with an appeal to the 'apocalyptic cavalry of God.'

Singing oils the wheels of care and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly.

"C-o-can that p-p-pup-parrot t-ter-talk?" asked a stuttering man of a German. "Suppose he no can talk so mooch better as that what you talk, I chop he dam head off," was the reply.

An Indiana town boasts a giant who has by his great size vanquished the ague. That embarrassing affliction attacked him the other day and worked four days to shake him all over, but failed and left in disgust.

An Irishman took off his coat to show a terrible wound which he said he had received a few years before. Not being able, however, to find the wound, he suddenly remembered it was on his brother Bill's arm.

Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independance at Ypsilanti, Michigan, by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment: 'Oh, he read it well enough; but I don't believe he wrote it.'

It having been ascertained that William Tell is a myth, somebody has now found a manuscript which will lead people to doubt the truth of that story of Newton and the apple. Let us be thankful that we can still cling to Washington and his hatchet.

To show us the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things, is exceedingly frugal in the dispensing of that; for He never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a second till he has withdrawn the first. Time is money, but it does not always follow that those who have plenty of the former are provided with the latter in very large quantities.

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

"Hans, where were you born?" "On der Halderbarrack." "What, always?" "Yah, and before, too." "How old are you, then?" "Vl, when the old school house is pilt I was two weeks more nor a year, what is painted red, as you go before mit your pack behind you, on der rite hant side de blacksmith shop, what stands where it was purnt down next year will be two weeks."

Wife was undressing little four-year-old Charlie the other evening. He silently felt of his chubby arms a little while, and then, looking up into his mother's face, he said:

"Mamma, who made me?"

"The good man up in the sky," answered mamma.

Charlie turned a steady, sober, searching look through the tree-tops up into the clear, beautiful, star-lit sky for a moment, and then innocently capped the climax with the important question:

"But, mamma, who took me down?"

### Sunday Reading.

#### Finished.

From out the witching music of the night,
Whose silvery notes weave love-kissed dreams;
From out the breathing glory of the light,
That floats down in murmuring shadowed streams,
Ye come, soft bathed in tears,
O, visions sweet of ended years.

From out the echoes ling'ring on life's hills,
That wander home like birds at summer eve;
From out the hours whose brittle cup love fills
With nectar drops that yet a bitter leave:
Ye come, strong, as heaven hears,
Of visions sweet of ended years.

No more to bear hope's glowing mystic lamp,
Whose fervid flame sets free the prison'd heart;
Nor, eager, beckon looks and tones that stamp
Their colors on the soul; then pale, depart,
Yet on, midst buried fears,
Come visions sweet of ended years.

O unforgotten, blighted days and hours,
Snatches of life-songs wildly dear and sweet;
O, joyous buds that never bloom'd to flowers,
But left your mourning promise incomplete;
With patient heart I bring you to the quiet shore
Where eyes that wept resistless tears will weep no more.
To dying sight the finite clears—
With God, these visions sweet of ended years.

### Room For Another.

"Have you room for another boy in your class?" said the superintendent, as he led a bright lad to a class seemingly full.

"Yes, indeed; he's welcome here," said the teacher; "we can make room can't we boys?"

Oh yes; we'll sit closer together," said one.

"Sit beside me," said another.

In a few minutes the young stranger felt that he was gladly received into his new Sabbath home.

The lesson for the day was recited, and then the teacher said:

"Boys, when the superintendent came with our new friend here, and asked if we had room for him, suppose each had answered, both by looks and words, 'No, he can't come in here; we don't want him.' How do you think he would have felt?"

"I guess he would have thought we were very rude and unkind, and never want to come near our Sabbath School again," said Charles B——.

"He might have felt so, and I was glad to see you give him so cordial a welcome; but (though you are usually polite) I should not have been greatly surprised if you had acted differently. I remember you were very unkind to another who wished to enter our class."

"Unkind? Why, teacher! Who was it wanted to come in, and we would not gladly let him come?"

"I was not here," said Henry. "Nor I," "nor I," cried several lads at once.

"I'm afraid you were all here," continued the teacher. "I fear you all said, by words and acts:

"No room in our class for you.'"

"I don't remember it," said Willy R——. "I'm sure I'm always glad to see a new boy come. I like to have our class full. When was it? Who was it wanted to come?"

"The same who has said: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' You have all answered: 'No room in my heart for him.' And yet, forgetful of this knocking, you ask, as will many at the last day, 'Lord, when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee not in?'"

Boys, is there room for another in your class and in your hearts? Is there room for Jesus there?—*Sunday School Times.*

Stop grumbling, mind your own business, and with all your might let other people's alone. Live within your means. Sell your horses. Give away or sell your dog. Smoke your cigars through an airstove. Eat with moderation and go to bed early. Talk less of your own peculiar gifts and virtues, and more of those of your friends and neighbors. Be cheerful. Fulfil your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself and all you would see in others. Be a good man and stop grumbling.

### Miscellaneous.

## The Extravagance of American Women.

Every month or so, newspapers contain accounts of some bride's outfit for married life—her jewels, her silks, her satins, her various finery—all which looks and reads very much like extravagance, and leads often to grave moralizing upon the wastefulness of American women.

No doubt there are extravagant women; but, after all, look at this:

The value of silk and the manufactures of silk imported into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1869, was $22,334,654. Now, in this State of New York, in 1865 there were 1,467,636 women and girls over ten years of age. The sum of $22,334,654, the total value of imported silks, divided among these women and girls of our State alone, would give only fifteen dollars and twenty-two cents worth of all the silk goods imported into the United States to each. This is the value of two gallons of fine brandy "imported from France" but in fact oftenest made at home.

This simple fact seems to show that, as a class, American women are not extravagant; as a whole, they are in fact the best of economists; for they make small means go farther in their own expenses, and in their households, than any women in the world. That there are extravagant women as there are men, no one of course denies. That there are some who live only to make a show and glitter is true; but in comparison with the whole number of wives and mothers, and sisters and daughters, these are but very few indeed. They will make, more cheerfully and without complaint, more devoted sacrifices for their husbands and children, than any other women. They bow with more dignity and grace to the loss of property, and bear up with more resolution and fortitude under adverse circumstances, than any others of their sex. There never has been exhibited in the world's history more and nobler heroism or greater self-sacrifice, than by the women of the United States during the late rebellion,

Go up and down Broadway, through all the streets, into all the cities and large towns, and where you find one place fitted up for women to trade and buy in, you will find ten saloons, restaurants, grog shops, cigar stores, sample rooms, concert halls and other places, where men pay large sums in the aggregate for things which profit neither "body mind nor estate," but weaken the one, enervate the other, and waste the last.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## Ventillation.

We have now to describe one of the best and simplest modes of ventillating ordinary rooms with which we are acquainted. It is one equally applicable in winter as well as summer, because all draught is avoided; for, even if a window be open at the top, a downward draught is frequently felt, and in rainy weather it is often impossible to keep the window open. The present plan is applicable in all kinds of weather, and would be perfect if the ventillation could be effected nearer to the ceiling. As it can be applied at an expense of a few cents, and as no unsightly appearance is made, it is equally applicable to the cottage and to the castle. A strip of wood an inch in thickness, three inches wide, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window through which ventillation is to be established, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, and let the slip of wood be placed upon the side of the window, the sash is then drawn down closely upon the slip of wood. If the slip has been well fitted—and the fitting may be made more complete by adapting it to the grooves in the sash and its frame, if any exist—no draught will be experienced in consequence of the displacement of the sash at this part. The effect of such an arrangement is, however, to cause a separation between the bars of the sashes at the centre. By this means a perpendicular current of air will be projected into the room between the glass at the upper and lower sashes, by which all inconvenience from draught will be avoided. Supposing that two or more windows on opposite sides of the room are fitted in this manner, a very satisfactory ventillation will be secured. Owing to a difference in its equilibrium, the air will rush out on the other side of the apartment. If the slips of wood are painted of the same color as the windows themselves, they will attract little notice.

## A Lesson in Gardening.

In the village lying between the little town of Sydney and the north pole, there is a young lawyer who took lessons and degrees on the old home farm till he became satisfied there was an easier way to get the daily bread of his life, and then went, or rather came, to college. "Old Waterville" gave no lessons in field culture, and our young squire has always exhibited his approval of her lenity by the general aspect of his garden—the tares in which, as in days of old, got the better of the wheat. One morning this summer, a little earlier than he usually put on his slippers, there was a ring at the door, and Bridget ran to answer it—the squire at the same moment jumping into pants and dressing gown, in expectation of an early client. Bridget returns with a grin—

"Who is it, Biddy?"

"An' he didn't tell me a bit!"—and Biddy grinned wider still.

"But what did he want?"

"I don't b'lave he wanted nothin' at all, sir,"—and Biddy snickered in full Irish.

"Did he say anything?"—in a jerk that led the pious Biddy to fear a wicked word or two to follow, and she hurried to say in the greenest Emerald—

"He did sure,—he did—he said if the square want his weeds to do the best they can, he better pull them nibbins o' corn out o' the way!"

The squire's corn never recovered from the shock.—*Waterville Mail;*

An eminent physician in Hearth and Home contibutes the following exquisite article for the benefit of young mothers. He says:

An intelligent young mother inquired some days since how she could best preserve her child's linen clean and sweet, when changed frequently during the day. I directed her never to dry it by the fire, but in the sun and open air if the weather permitted. You thus not only avoid saturating the air of your rooms with the volatile and poisonous gases driven out of the linen. She followed my direction, but, as is too often the practice, dried and aired it in the nursery window.

Her fastidious husband remonstrated in vain against this unseemly exposure. Believing that if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist, he so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery window in full view from a central part of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the offending linen flapping conspicuously in the breeze, and asked, sarcastically—

"My dear, what is that displayed from our window?"

"Why," she proudly replied, "that is the *flag of our union!*"

Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag with a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, said as they walked homeward—

"And long may it wave!"


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All of these three medicines are often required in curing Consumption, though the Pulmonic Syrup alone has cured many desperate cases. The Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills assist in regulating the Stomach and Liver, and help the Pulmonic Syrup to digest and search through the blood vessels, by which means a cure is soon effected.

These medicines are conscientiously offered to the public as the only safe, certain and reliable remedies for Pulmonary Consumption, and for all those morbid conditions of the body which lead to that fatal disease. Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are often forerunners of Consumption, and when they manifest themselves they requir the most prompt attention.

The Pulmonic Syrup is a medicine which has had a long probation before the public. Its value has been proved by the thousands of cures it has made through a person of more than thirty-five years, in all of which time its reputation has constantly increased, and the most obstinate skepticism can no longer doubt that it is a remedy which may be used with confidence in all cases which admit of a cure.

If the patient will perseveringly follow the directions which accompany each bottle, he will certainly be cured, if his lungs are not too much wasted to make a cure possible. Even in cases supposed to be incurable, when friends and physicians have despaired, the use of this medicine has saved the life of the patient, and restored him to perfect health.

Dr. Schenck himself was cured in precisely such circumstances, and many others have been equally fortunate by judiciously making a timely use of Dr. Schenck's remedies.

Dr. Schenck does not say that all cases of Pulmonary Consumption are within the reach of medicine, but he emphatically asserts, that often when patients have the most alarming symptoms, such as a violent cough, creeping chills, night sweats, and general debility, even to such a degree that they are obliged to lie in bed, and when they are given up by their physician, they may still be cured: No medical treatment can create new lungs, but when the lungs are very badly diseased, and to some extent destroyed, a cure may be effected by Dr. Schenck's medicines.

Also in Scrofulous diseases these medicines are equally efficient. Dr. Schenck has photographs of a number of persons who have been nearly covered with running sores, and now all healed up. This shows its purifying properties, which must be done to heal cavities in the lungs.

In the treatment of Consumption, it is of the utmost importance to give vigor and a healthy tone to the system. Hence it is necessary to strengthen the appetite of the patient and improve the digestion. Proper nourishment is required, together with such means as will make the food easily digestible. The articles most suitable for the diet of consumptive patients are designated in Dr. Schenck's Almanacs, which are distributed gratuitously. In general, the most highly nutritious articles are to be preferred; but the digestive organs must be strengthened in order to make either food or medicine serviceable. This requirement is met by the Sea Weed Tonic, and for this purpose it was designed.

When the digestive powers are put in good order, the food has its proper effect, the system of the patient is invigorated, and the lungs begin to exercise their functions in a normal and healthy manner. Then the healing powers of the Pulmonic Syrup will complete the cure.

Pulmonary Consumption is almost always complicated with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Schenck's Mandrake Pills are intended to remove obstructions from the liver and restore its healthy action. They have all the efficacy which is ascribed to calomel or "blue mass," and are warranted not to contain a particle of any mineral poison. These pills cure the most obstinate costiveness, sick headache, piles, bilious affections, and all other diseases which arise from a torpid or obstructed condition of the liver. One box of these pills will prove the efficacy of the medicine.

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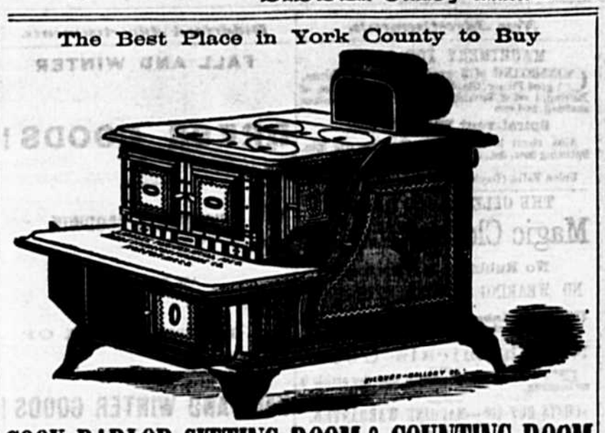

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